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THE SKETCH
AUGUST 29, 1951

2/- Fortnightly

# The Sketch

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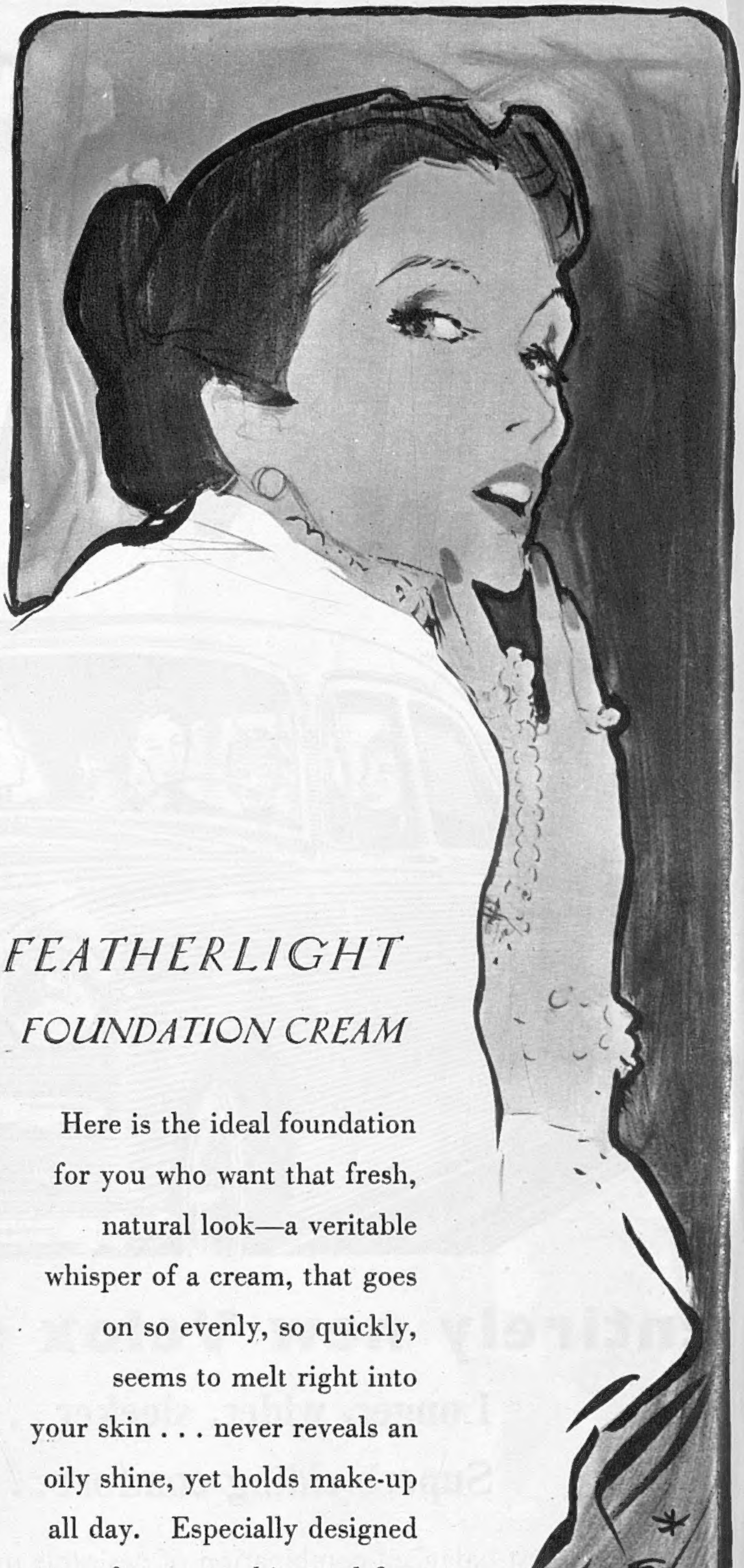

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Elizabeth Arden

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1951

Photographed by Marcus Adams.

# PRINCESS ANNE IS ONE YEAR OLD

THIS charming portrait of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth with her two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, was taken for the occasion of the birthday of the little Princess, who is wearing here the same coral necklace worn by her mother in 1927 when she was photographed at the same age. The baby spent her birthday, August 15, at Birkhall, near Balmoral, with her parents; she has developed a considerable personality, likes music, and gets on very well with her brother.

Drawn by William Scully.

"I've sent for you, Wilson, to indicate the impossibility of the rise you were soliciting."

# *Our Motley Notes*

## By Toby O'Brien

HAVING been a British subject from birth, it is only with modified rapture that I regard the fact that I have just become a "citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies by choice." As my passport had no more space for visas, it became necessary recently to get a new one. This revealed the fact that I was born in what is now Pakistan, my father in what is now India, and my grandfather in what is now the Republic of Eire. Thus, in spite of the fact that both my father and grandfather gave a lifetime in the service of the Crown, I found myself a triple alien. I gather that the department in the Home Office to which application has to be made is irked by the fact that nearly every applicant, like me, informs them that they "feel humiliated" or "find the process humiliating." I find this strange. It is true that we live in an age when every "lesser breed" from the Persians to the Albanians can flout the heirs of Palmerston with impunity. I see no reason, however, not to feel humiliated when receiving a tangible proof of the decline of a great Empire. "*Civis Britannicus Sum*" was a proud enough boast. "*Civis Britannicus vel Pakistaniensis vel Indus vel Hibernicus*" sounds perhaps a bit ragged. However, I have my new status, and therefore my new passport—a bulky three-volume affair, which makes me sympathise with my old friend Lord Kinross in his campaign for a sixty-four-page passport instead of the present thirty-two-page one.

What fun, though, it is looking through an old passport! What would have been volume four—a pre-war one—had almost one of the last frontier stamps of free Austria, as I crossed that frontier going towards the Balkans thirty-six hours before Hitler marched in. There were frontier stamps for Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria—all countries whose freedom has vanished in the smoke of war and Russian occupation. Volume three—still extant—in addition to a number of Oriental visas which might well, for all I know to the contrary, have instructed the appropriate authorities to execute the bearer on sight, has a number of what are now historic visas in it. Visas granted by the exiled Belgian Government in London, or by the Comité National Français, when the Free French were happily squabbling away in the Pinchin Johnson building. Three pages I find entirely taken up with red visas and frontier stamps of "*France libre au levant*" bearing the pass issued by the Poste Surête Générale at Tell Kotchek. I do not think I shall ever forget Tell Kotchek. It was the frontier post between Iraq, Turkey and Syria. The tedium and monotonous dietary of the customs and security officials of four nations was relieved by the arrival of the Taurus Express from Baghdad in one direction, and Ankara in the other. Unfortunately, the train under wartime conditions exhibited every caprice of which rolling stock may be held capable. We left Baghdad one evening, travelled for twenty-four hours, got to Tell Kotchek, spent eighteen hours there, and then steamed disconsolately back to Baghdad, the line having been washed away. Travelling hopefully (if not expecting to arrive) we set off once more, and again found ourselves at Tell Kotchek. Here once more there was an immense wait, due, we were told, partly to security formalities (it was, indeed, a part of the Middle East which was extremely difficult to guard against infiltration by Axis agents, mostly Italians), but also because of a suspected case of plague on the train. In actual fact, we later discovered that the main part of the delay was due to the excellent

appetites of the customs and security officials of the four nations. When the last of them had climbed down out of the restaurant car, with a happy and satisfied expression, we, the miserable passengers, were allowed in. There was virtually nothing left.

ANOTHER admirable reminder of *le temps perdu* is the "stickers" on an old suitcase. I am an unashamed preserver, where possible, of ancient luggage labels. Indeed, I hold as inverted travel snobs, the type of person who insists that his luggage shall be bare of this kind of adornment, and who berates the *concierge* for slapping on the highly-coloured bit of paper which will record the fact that he once stayed at the Hôtel Bel-Air Eden (und Terminusbar). The other day, a friend to whom I had lent a suitcase just before the outbreak of the war, with a rare and astonishing honesty, returned it to me. I had forgotten all about it, but was delighted to see this old friend again. It is covered with labels. Many of the hotels and the places of which it thus reminds me have been obliterated by bombardment, such as the Srpski Kralj in Belgrade, out of the walls of which the black beetles used to crawl at night, stopping a few inches from one's head, and regarding one with a speculative eye and twitching antennæ. In many of them, even if they survive, I would be scarcely welcome to-day. There was the Hotel Bulgarie in Sofia, which proudly announced that it was "Wanzenfrei" (bug-free) *all the year round*. It may well have been. It was certainly infested with German agents. The Gestapo evidently had a standing instruction to their agents as to what to do if caught examining the papers of a hotel guest. I happened to come in through the bedroom door, which was near the lift, and found the Boots, who ostensibly spoke only German and Bulgarian, reading my letters on the desk in my sitting-room with impatient speed. When I coughed and asked him in German what he was looking for, he replied: "Excuse me, I was only looking for the Gnädige Herr's shoes." This was precisely the reply I had (and was later to get in Portugal in 1940) received in Berlin two years before at the Kaiserhof, so that we were then able to allow the conversation to proceed on formal lines. Move number two was for me to say: "You will not find the Gnädige Herr's shoes among the papers on his desk," adding in English, "and if I may give you a tip, which is the only tip you are going to get from me, you will find nothing in my wife's letters except some most unreliable guides to English grammar, punctuation and spelling." Honour was then satisfied and he withdrew.

I FIND American friends coming to this country still concerned and divided over the question of cheating at West Point. One school maintains that any academic method, however unorthodox, is legitimate so long as it permits the United States Army to beat the Navy in their annual football game. This is a problem which has so often been posed, due to the lamentable fact that brawn is only rarely allied to brain. James Thurber somewhere tells of the painful efforts of the authorities of Ohio State University to get their most important football tackle to answer just one question, which would allow academic honour to be satisfied. It took, if I remember rightly, some time, for the athlete in question "while not dumber than an ox, was not noticeably any smarter."

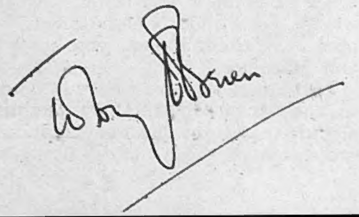
The old days of Divinity Schools at Oxford produced a crop of "divvers" stories about similar efforts to ensure that mastodonic rowing blues could somehow get through. (Incidentally, what a pity it is that no one seems to have collected the great "divvers" stories, for now that the examination has been abolished, memory is fading.) There was the delightful story of the rowing blue who was informed privately that the examiners would pass him if he could answer just *one* question. It turned out to be "What do you know about Joab?" To this there came the dignified reply: "Very little indeed is known about Joab, but he is chiefly memorable as having been a washpot." There was, of course, also the blue who received a similar private tip that he would be asked either for a list of the Kings of Israel or the Minor Prophets. Realising that even with months of application there was no chance of storing *both* pieces of information in his diplodocus-size brain, he went nap on the Kings of Israel. Alas, the question read: "Give a list in order of importance of the Minor Prophets." I think the examiner was right to pass him for his reply: "Far be it from me to discriminate between such holy men, but here is a list of the Kings of Israel."

There must be many, including those who are not of his flock, who are grateful to Monsignor Ronnie Knox for the admirable game of snakes and ladders with which he assisted undergraduates to memorise St. Paul's missionary journeys. There were many snakes. Thus, if you fell on a square marked "thrown out of Derbe and Lystra," you probably had to "go back three places to Iconium." "Beaten with rods" similarly represented a setback, but "acclaimed at Ephesus" meant, if I remember rightly, an extra throw, and "go forward to Cyrene."

Drawn by James.

I APPLAUD the efforts of Lord Mancroft and the other younger men who set the fashion for wearing coloured waistcoats. In these drab days, anything which serves to introduce colour into our lives is wholly admirable. Lord Mancroft's advocacy of the coloured waistcoat is not confined to day, but also to evening wear. At his bachelor party on the eve of his fairly recent wedding there were three rules. All his friends present must wear coloured waistcoats, they must wear a red carnation and they each must make a speech lasting no longer than two-and-a-half minutes. The array of flowered waistcoats, ranging from the reign of George II. to mid-nineteenth-century, was a reminder that there is a wealth of attractive evening wear for men available in the country. Dandyism has a fine and robust British tradition which has nothing to do with effeminacy. The gorgeous Regency bucks, or even that later exquisite Count d'Orsay, who so fluttered the unsusceptible heart of Jane Welch Carlyle, were about as tough a lot as any aristocracy has produced. Nor need dandyism be extravagant. Indeed, the mark of your true dandy is what one might call a flamboyant correctness. I once went out to lunch with the late Sir Stephen Gaselee, the great scholar and epicure, who for so long adorned the library of the Foreign Office, and his appearance did invite a certain amount of comment. He was wearing a black silk hat, a Gladstone collar with an old Etonian artist's bow tie, a grey morning-coat, sponge-bag trousers, scarlet socks and check spats. On all official occasions, however, he was a model of correctitude. Thus, when he went down to his old college, King's, Cambridge, he wore the gown and black silk hat, not mortar-board, or "square," as I believe they call it at Cambridge, which is the correct academic dress for a non-resident Master of Arts member of the college. I was interested to learn from a man who is an old King's man that this tradition was carried on, on the occasion of the Royal visit to King's a short while ago, by four people only. One of the four, incidentally, was Mr. Robert Birley, the Headmaster of Eton.

While on the subject of correctness, I have an apology to make to the youngest generation. Recently, I drew attention to the fact that in the days when I used to go to "deb's dances," it was customary for the well-mannered young man to write a bread-and-butter letter to his hostess. By inference I suggested that this does not happen to-day. A friend, however, who read my notes, tells me that I am wrong. He recently gave a small dance for some eighty young people in the country. Of that number nearly sixty sat down afterwards and wrote "thank you" letters to his wife. Perhaps the wheel has come full circle, and the gap left by the "mannerless decade"—1939 to 1949—is now being closed.



The shoot at Lochan, near Amulree, Perthshire. Mrs. T. M. Burrell was hostess. Tramping uphill, the party leave Loch Freuchie below. Included among the guests are Lord and Lady Forteviot, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Major and Mrs. W. G. Finlay, Mr. David and Miss Rosemary Walter, Mr. John and Miss Ann Douglas, and Mlle. Monique de Fonrocque.

# TO THE MOORS . . . by D. A. Phillips

*Now, when the sportsman is flitting from market and Mammon,*
*Now, when the courts, swept and garnished, stand silent and lone,*
*Now, with her challenging grouse, and her sea-silver salmon,*
*August, of mountains and memories, comes to her own.*

"Euston": PATRICK CHALMERS.

TIMES have changed since Patrick Chalmers captured the spirit of a great occasion and crystallised, in a few lines of verse, the nostalgic thoughts associated with the Twelfth of August. Much of the glory and the greatness has gone the way of so many good things—yet the tradition remains, and the Twelfth is still perhaps the most memorable date in the calendar of field sports, not only because it marks the opening of the shooting season, but also because it calls to mind the particular pleasures that must always be associated with the "challenging grouse." For even those whose good fortune it may be to find themselves on a classic moor, with a four-figure bag in prospect, will admit that the appeal of grouse-shooting lies as much in the incidental delights of the occasion as in the actual business of shooting.

It properly begins, then—as Patrick Chalmers pictured—at Euston or King's Cross, when the gun-cases and the luggage have been put on board and you are looking for your sleeper and hoping that it will not be over the wheels. . . . That is the authentic beginning; no doubt there are some who fly to the moors and many who go by road. But the best of all ways to the hills is by train, for there is a sense of holiday well-being in the occasion which can only be likened to that feeling of new-found freedom which went with "breaking-up." And when, early next day, the car picks you up at some remote Highland station and there is a first glimpse of hill and heather, you feel again that exhilarating sense of holiday well-being. At the lodge, there are the dogs to overwhelm you, and, before dinner, a bath in water that is stained with peat . . . then, at last, you know that you have escaped "from market and Mammon."

Perhaps the classic shot will be dismayed at this lighthearted approach to the serious business of shooting driven grouse. He, maybe, will already have got his eye in at a shooting school, gravely smashing a succession of those little "flying saucers" called clay pigeons; he will have trained like a miler for that long climb to the butts for the first drive, and at dinner he will drink water and the port will pass him by, so that no spots before the eyes shall confuse his sight on the morrow. No doubt this is admirable; for if you are to do justice to the day and to your host's stock, you must be in pretty fair fettle.

Yet we need not allow the occasion to be too solemn. There is so much to enhance the pleasures of each day—the walk up the burn from the lodge to where the birches end and the heather begins and the air is like wine; the "bye-days," when the gun gives place to the rod and we can potter up a mountain stream with a worm in the hope of bringing back a dish of fingerling trout; a day's "walking" or "dogging" as a change from facing driven birds, when there will be the chance of a snipe or a duck in the wet places, and the curlews are calling high above the heather. And those delectable lunches, when sandwiches, and beer kept ice-cold by standing the bottles in the burn, are the best possible fare, and you can put on a pipe afterwards and think about the "fizzers" you missed in that last drive. These are interludes that lend enchantment to the sport.

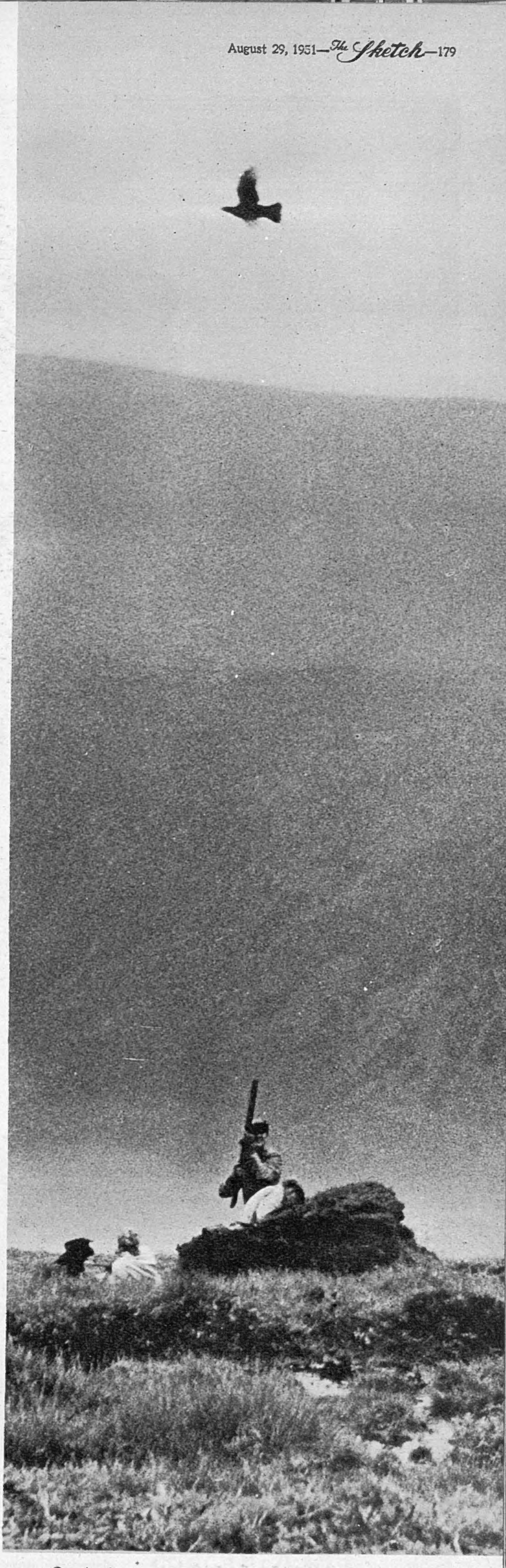
Yet, when all is said and done, the supreme moment is when you reach your butt before each beat. Let us hope that it is well-sited, dry and roomy; for the quality of a butt can make or mar the success and pleasure of a drive. Perhaps it is perched like an eagle's eyrie on a hillside, from which you look out across half a county; maybe it is tucked under a brow or beside a burn in a dingle and you know that you will have to be keenly alert to take your birds as they swing overhead—there will be no chance to see them coming. Yet this can be a good thing, for nothing so leads to "poking" as to be able to see grouse approaching from afar. The snap shot is so often more successful, because there is no time for the fault of conscious "aim"—the gun is at the shoulder and while it is still swinging on to and through the bird the trigger is squeezed.

So drive succeeds drive, until the afternoon shadows lengthen across the hill and it is time to "call it a day" and to turn homeward. And later on, when the guns have been cleaned and put away and the tired dogs are sprawled in sleep under chair and table, the day is lived again in thought and talk.

A break for a smoke and a chat in the heather on the Common Moor at Ranagalzion, Perthshire. Left to right: Captain J. Rattray, Mr. E. Eglen and Mr. N. A. Ramsay.

Included in Mr. F. Peshall's party shooting at Glen Quaich, Amulree, on the grouse-shooting season's opening day, were Wing-Commander and Mrs. Oakley-Beuttler, the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Lord Lanesborough, Captain Blyth Orr and Mrs. F. Peshall, the hostess.

Setting out for the shoot, guns and guests in Mr. Haselden's party at Tullymurdoch Moor, Ranagalzion, Perth. L. to r.: Master Jeremy Davidson, Captain D. Roy, Mrs. and Mr. G. Robinson, Miss Mann, Lady and Lord Leverhulme, Mr. E. G. W. Ainsworth and the host, Mr. M. L. Haselden.



On the Invermark moors at Glenesk, Angus, rain and mist made sighting difficult.

# PATRICIA PROGRESSES

Patricia Hitchcock, talented daughter of Director Alfred Hitchcock, makes her American film début in her father's new film, *Strangers on a Train*, now due for general release. As a youngster of thirteen she played the lead on Broadway in John van Druten's *Solitaire* ; a few years later the Cockney daughter in Noel Coward's *Fumed Oak*, and then appeared in Emlyn Williams's *Night Must Fall* with Dame May Whitty. There followed two years at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, during which time she played a minor rôle in *Stage Fright*. You may remember her portrayal of the Cockney maid in *The Mudlark*. Just twenty-two, Patricia claims that the name of Hitchcock has never helped her to win a part.

# Social Diary

## AUG. 8.

### GARRICK COLLECTION AT THE TATE.

*At floodlit Tate Gallery an evening reception—private view of Garrick Club's wonderful collection of theatrical pictures. Tate Director John Rothenstein jealously looked forward to exhibiting these paintings, known only to Club members and guests, and committee kindly granted privilege during Club's one-month annual holiday closure. These remarkably fine portraits—the best are by Zoffany and de Wilde—gave pleasure and excitement to a party, social and theatrical, in tulle and tweeds. Personally, went from picture to picture with thrill of pleasure examining portraits of eighteenth-century actors and actresses so convincing and live; found Charles Laughton's features in Zoffany's David Ross as Hamlet.*

Above, left : *Mr. John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate, chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ruddock from the American Embassy.*

Above, right : *Mr. and Mrs. Norman Suddaby and daughter Karen viewed Hayman's lively painting of Garrick as Ranger, Mrs. Pritchard as Clarinda in "The Suspicious Husband" (1747).*

Centre, left : *Actress Margaret Rutherford pointed out to actor-husband Stringer Davis, Zoffany's scene from Venice Preserved, with Garrick as Jaffier and Mrs. Cibber as Belvidera.*

Centre, right : *The Tate's Deputy Keeper, Mr. Norman Reid, had a drink and chat with Mrs. Tondi Adams, who runs the restaurant.*

Below, left : *Painter Feliks Topolski discussed with Countess Potocki a not-so-good but interesting Zoffany scene with giant Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth dominating little Garrick as Macbeth, both in eighteenth-century dress, with pseudo-Gothic backcloth. Topolski much preoccupied with possible demolition by town-planners of his two studios in charming garden at St. John's Wood.*

Below, right : *In talk at reception, actress Kay Kendall and actor Derek de Marney.*

GARRICK COLLECTION AT THE TATE.

# Social

AUG. 8.

COWES CHARITY BALL.

*Three hundred yachting men and women turned up at Northwood House for popular Charity Ba organised each year by Lady Baring during Cowes Week in aid of loca charities. It's a much-looked-fo event by sailing-folk and there ar at least 150 "regulars" who atten year after year from the Roya Yacht Squadron, other yacht club and London. Some sail over fro the mainland; some from yach moored in Roads or harbour, an these change back into yachting k after Ball is over and return to the craft. Tickets are cheap—25s.— buffet supper is excellent; a Londo band provided—Dalton Marsha this year—and about £250 is usual realised for charities. Altogethe it's a very friendly, happy an hearty get-together, with one t pic- sailing.*

Top: *At the Ball—l. to r., Air Com modore W. Helmore, Mr. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wort Major Abraham, Miss Macdonad, Rear-Commodore H. V. Culpin, of the Royal Motor Y.C., Poole.*

Centre, left: *Mr. J. A. Milne sit out with Mrs. Barbara Somers.*

Centre: *Lady Baring, the organiser, with the Hon. Mrs. Tankerville Chamberlayne.*

Centre, right: *Mr. James Allan Milne, the Misses Elizabeth Sinker and Sarah Gutbury, and sitting, Miss Susan Twyford.*

Below, left: *At the cocktail bar—standing, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Michael Wilkins, Lieut.-Commander Sir Robert Hobart, owner of Eileen, Major Cyril Dennies. Sitting, Lady Hobart, Mr. Michael Wilkins and Mrs. Leveson-Gower.*

Below, right: *Mrs. Haldane and Mrs. Forrest.*

COWES CHARITY BALL.

# Diary

AUG. 8.

NO FRILLS.

*Black Watch garden-party was held at Doo'cot Park, Perth, in the rain, so umbrellas, mackintoshes, furs fashionable. But they're all used to it up there; kept cheery. Left: Lady Forteviot and her two daughters, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, were present. On right: The host and hostess, Major D. M. and Lady Jean Rose, sister of Lord Dalhousie, sheltering under chequered protection, welcomed their guests.*

NO FRILLS.

AUG. 9.

AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

*Wearing spotted silver gown, Miss Sheila Hull, of Elmstead, Colchester, married Mr. Julian More, of Gilmaenllwyd, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, in Chelsea's famous old church which was so badly damaged during the war.*

AUG. 10.

AGAIN . . .

*At Dublin Horse Show for second year in succession British show-jumping team won the Aga Khan Cup, and here's the Irish Republic's President, Sean O'Kelly, presenting it to Colonel Harry Llewellyn, on Foxhunter. Young Irish team under Colonel Rodzianko came second, Spain third, Italy fourth. Gallant Foxhunter took special prize for best individual performance.*

AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

AGAIN . . .

AUG. 10.

ART FOR ARGUMENT.

*"Ten Decades: A Review of British Taste, 1851-1951"—loan exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street—stimulates without bias. You can move from, say, Millais to Matthew Smith, Watts to Henry Moore; talk your head off in full view of comparative exhibits. In the picture Mrs. Paulozzi, wife of modernist sculptor Eduardo Paulozzi, surveys classic lines of G. F. Watts's Clytie without visible reaction.*

AUG. 11.

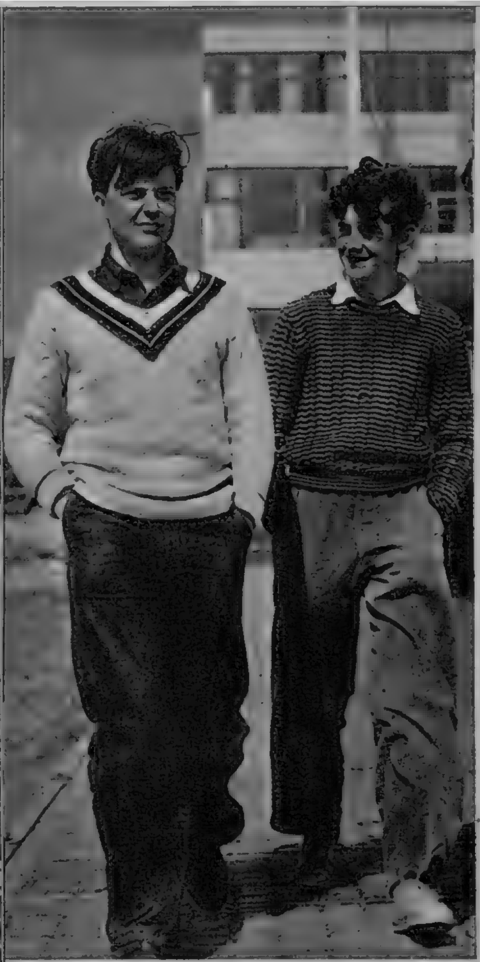
IN DUMFRIES.

*Staying with the Duke and Duchess (right) of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle, Princess Margaret attended service at Thornhill Church, Dumfriesshire, and was received by the Rev. William Syme. Following after are the Duke's son and heir, fair-haired Lord Dalkeith, and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, two of the Princess's escorts.*

ART FOR ARGUMENT.

IN DUMFRIES.

# Social



LADS AFLOAT.

AUG. 13.

LADS AFLOAT.

*Schoolboys' Championship Week at Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, opened to-day. Nowhere could you find keener eyes, hands, wits or competitive sense. In the photographs, left, and l. to r.: Simon Tooth (Downside) and Robin Light (Marlborough). Right, in their sailing dinghy, M. C. Forsdyke (Lancing) and P. R. Steel (Charterhouse).*

AUG. 19.

A THOUSAND PIPERS . .

*marched down Princes Street to the Murrayfield Stadium, for opening of Highland gathering. But the splendid swagger, swirling kilts, skirling bagpipes were all but swallowed up by enormous crowd of visitors in Edinburgh for International Festival. 100,000 people in Stadium to see the Highland games. Clan chiefs carrying clan flags met fellow clansmen from the world over.*

Pictures, left : *Sir John Handford, Lady Erroll and Mr. Tom Johnston, former Secretary of State for Scotland. Lady Erroll, Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland and chief of the Hays, was chieftain of the gathering ; took the salute from colour parties marching past.* Right : *Mrs. Flora Macleod, chief of the clan Macleod, chatted with Drummer R. Moffatt, The Canadian Argylls (right), and Piper F. Bannister, The Canadian Seaforths.*

Below, left : *Of the ancient clan Rose, l. to r. : Colonel Ian Rose, Mr. Charles Hugh Rose, Mrs. Hugh Rose of Kilravock, Miss Elizabeth Rose (Chief of the clan), Mr. H. C. Rose and Mr. Ian Rose.* Right : *On right is MacNeill of Barra, Chief of the clan MacNeill, with daughter Mrs. R. Craig Hutchison of Toronto, his son Ian Roderick MacNeill of Barra, and Mr. William MacNeil is on left.*

*N.B.—In "The Sketch" of August 1, page 139, it was stated that Major-General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett, Colonel of The Buffs, was O.C. the Depot, Canterbury. This is not so. Major B. H. Craig is O.C. the Depot, and it was by his permission that the Canterbury Cricket Week Ball was held in the new infantry barracks gymnasium at St. Martin's Hill.*

A THOUSAND PIPERS . . .

# *Diary*

**AUG. 19.**

CLAN GATHERING.

*En route to Murrayfield Stadium was this gay party: left, Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan Mackay; right, Lord Huntly, Premier Marquess of Scotland, and Chief of the Gordons, with his little son Lord Aboyne. Behind: Mr. Seton Gordon.*

**AUG. 20.**

TREHERNE — HAIG-THOMAS.

*At All Saints, Harbridge, Mr. Robert P. D. Treherne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Treherne, of Hollow Hill, Ditchingham, married Miss Nina I. A. Haig-Thomas, daughter of Mr. P. Haig-Thomas and of Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas.*

CLAN GATHERING.

TREHERNE — HAIG-THOMAS.

**AUG. 21.**

FAME AND PROMISE.

*St. John's Wood sculptor Freda Brilliant clasped the plinth on which rested her bronze head of India's High Commissioner to Britain Mr. Krishna Menon. This excellent portrait is on view in second part of Artists of Fame and Promise Exhibition at Leicester Galleries. Mr. Menon gave her twenty sittings, and she completed the work in three months.*

**AUG. 21.**

MINISTERIAL CAMERAMAN.

*On Britain's Festival site Mr. T. W. White, new Australian High Commissioner to Britain, filmed l. to r.: daughter Miss Judith White, Mrs. and Mr. Foat-Tugay, Turkey's Ambassador to Cairo, and Brigadier H. R. H. Greenfield, Festival's Ceremonial Officer.*

FAME AND PROMISE.

MINISTERIAL CAMERAMAN.

**AUG. 21.**

ECONOMIC.

*Mr. Denis Rickett, newly-appointed Economic Minister to British Embassy, Washington, left Waterloo on the Caronia boat-train for U.S.A. with his wife and children. Mr. Rickett's recreation is music; he 's a director of English Opera Group.*

**AUG. 21.**

SPORTING DIPLOMAT.

*Back in his study at Belgrave Square Embassy from shooting holiday in Scotland was H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera. He took small party of Spanish friends to shooting-lodge at Dunkeld, Perthshire. It was his first Scottish visit since his appointment. On first day out they got a bag of over 80 brace, mostly grouse. The Duke plays polo too. He left London later to join his wife in Spain.*

ECONOMIC.

SPORTING DIPLOMAT.

# Diary

AUG. 21.

AT BALMORAL.

*On holiday at Balmoral Castle, the King, the Queen and Princess Margaret are very often visited by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children, who stay at nearby Birkhall. These charming family pictures were taken in the Castle grounds during one of their visits.*

*In the top left picture one-year-old Princess Anne, who had a birthday party on August 15, complete with cake and candle—is perched precariously on a balustrade, held safely by her mother. Right : Prince Charles, with the Queen's hand on his shoulder, would like a dip in the stone fountain perhaps ; Princess Margaret, whose twenty-first birthday was celebrated by a small private dinner of twenty-five guests, and a dance afterwards ; the Duke of Edinburgh, the King, Princess Elizabeth and baby Princess Anne, whose eyes were fixed on something out of the picture.*

*In this really delightful holiday group, Prince Charles, the laughing centre of attention, and held steady by his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, was mounted on a sculptured deer in the Castle grounds. The Queen kept a watchful hand on the animal's back.*

*The little Princess took a delighted interest in some of her aunt's jewellery. Right : Again, her attention is distracted by something off-stage, as the grown-ups, her grandparents and Princess Margaret (back to camera) enjoyed a chat over her pram.*

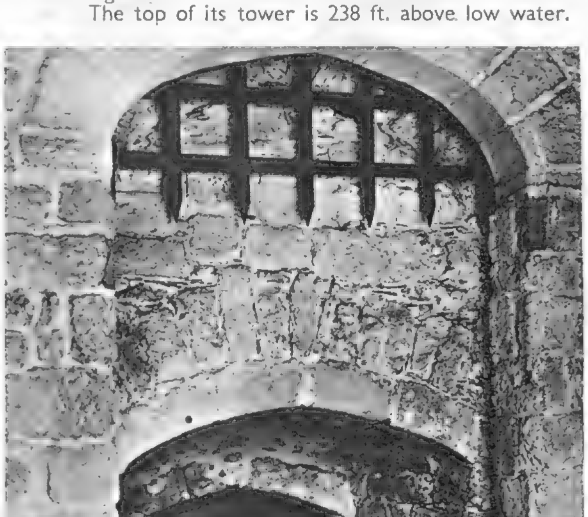
AT BALMORAL.

# ALIKE . . .

## in so many ways

IN various ways the Queen and Princess Margaret, seen here at Balmoral on the Princess's twenty-first birthday, have a great deal in common. Both love dancing and music, and at the same age her Majesty was very fond of musical shows, just as the Princess is to-day. Both have the same sense of fun, for as the young Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Queen dressed up as a maid to show tourists over Glamis Castle, while the Princess as a child had an overpowering ambition to ring the alarm bell at Windsor Castle during the war and call out a battalion of Guards! At the Princess's age, too, the Queen had just the same measurements, and it is mainly in features that they differ.

In this unfamiliar view the romantic home of the St. Aubyns (St. Levans), grey and turreted, appears to grow from the granite rock of the Mount against a streaming banner of summer cloud. No British castle is more nobly placed than St. Michael's Mount which, to all Cornish people, speaks for their county. The top of its tower is 238 ft. above low water. The Mount is an island on an average for about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.



There is a mediæval note in this picture of the portcullis of St. Michael's Mount ready to descend within the thickness of the wall before the old main doorway.

# ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

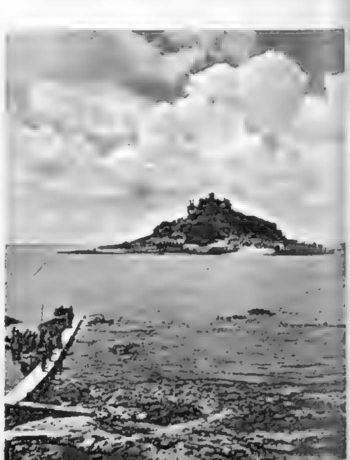
THE small picture (*inset, below*) shows the St. Michael's Mount that most people remember: the castle-crowned rock as it is seen from the main railway line, or the road round the curve of Mount's Bay: a superbly romantic sight in a pearly mist, or against the high white clouds of an August day. This is indeed "the Great Vision of the Guarded Mount."

There are many legends—of the Mount's creation by a giant, and of a vision of St. Michael the Archangel on its western promontory. It appears also in the tale of Tristan and Iseult. History tells us that it was granted during the Norman era to the Benedictine Abbey on Mont St. Michel in Normandy, which it resembles so oddly; and, through various changes of fortune, it was a famous place of mediæval pilgrimage and also an important fortress that endured at least two sieges. When the Spanish Armada sailed up-Channel in July 1588, in its great half-moon, the beacon on the tower of the Mount helped to spread the warning through Cornwall:

*For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war flame spread,*
*High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.*

During the Civil War, the Mount was one of Cromwell's chief Royalist strongholds. It surrendered in 1646; from the following year Colonel John St. Aubyn lived there as Captain of the Mount, which in 1659 he purchased. From that day it has been, peacefully, a St. Aubyn family seat. Colonel John's son was created first Baronet. To-day, it is occupied by the third Lord St. Levan—the title taken by the seventh Baronet, raised to the peerage in 1887.

The Mount, covering 21 acres, was once part of the mainland. Its Castle, occupying the site of the former Priory, has been skilfully modernised. As a historian has said, the beauty of the Mount's outline, and its romantic position, never cease to astonish: "It has been a fitting abode for the monks and priors, archpriests and chaplains, bailiffs and tenants, captains and governors, Arundels and Cecils, Bassets and St. Aubyns, sailors and fishermen"—that long and glowing procession down the Cornish centuries.



*Top left:* The coat-of-arms of the St. Levan family stands above a sixteenth-century plaster frieze of hunting scenes, and much ancient armour, in the "Chevy Chase" room to the south-east of the Chapel. Long ago this was the refectory of the Benedictine monks.

*Top right:* Family portraits of the St. Aubyns hang on the walls of the Blue Sitting Room. The St. Aubyns have owned St. Michael's since 1659 when it came into the possession of Colonel John St. Aubyn. In 1887 Sir John St. Aubyn, seventh Baronet, was raised to the peerage as Baron St. Levan.

*Right:* Lord and Lady St. Levan, the owners of St. Michael's Mount, in their sitting-room. On the left is their son, and youngest child, the Hon. Giles St. Aubyn, who is a master at Eton. Lord St. Levan, who served in the Grenadier Guards in two wars, succeeded his uncle in 1940.

*Left:* Three massive arches, springing from the walls of the nave, support the timber roof of the Chapel on the highest part of the actual Mount. The main fabric of the Chapel was built in the fourteenth century. At the east end, above the two double lancet lights, is a magnificent fifteenth-century rose window.

*Right:* Here we look from the Mount, from the parapet of its terrace, towards the mainland of Cornwall. In the foreground is the little harbour of the Mount; and beyond, across some 500 yards of sea, the grey and white houses of Marazion straggle along the Mount's Bay shore. The Chapel Rock, in the middle distance, is of greenstone, and is said to be a rock which rolled from the apron of Cormelian, wife of the Cornish giant Cormoran, who was the legendary builder of the Mount.

*All photographs on pages 188 to 196 are by "The Sketch" special photographer, J. Allan Cash, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.*

Continued overleaf.

No self-respecting visitor can leave West Cornwall without seeing the Mount. On certain weekdays portions are open to the public. If it is high tide, visitors cross by boat; but, if the tide is out, they walk over the stone causeway that spans the gap between rock and Marazion shore. In our picture a party of visitors—surprised, no doubt, at the size of the Mount, which is a mile in circumference—is seen leaving the West door on a bright afternoon earlier this month.

This Cornish cross, below the walls of the Castle, is a sign of the great age of St. Michael's Mount, which enters written history early in the first century of the Christian era.

Most people are surprised to find that St. Michael's Mount has its own harbour, seen here under the shadow of the Castle on the height. There has probably been a harbour since the earliest times. To-day, on the south and north quays, brass footprints mark the visits of Queen Victoria in 1846 and King Edward in 1902.

**Continued from previous page.**

Miss Phyllida Garth, who wrote and produced the religious musical drama, *The Work of Our Hands*, staged in the nave of Truro Cathedral.

Miss Betty Berriman (left) as Saint Brigid (patron saint of artists) and Miss June Copp as Saint Breage, patron saint of housewives.

"I Michael, patron of Cornwall, know the hearts of my people. . . ." Mr. John Angove as Saint Michael.

Mr. Hugh Pengelly as St. Levan, patron saint of fishermen: "The sea calls and man must obey."

# CORNISH PLAY IN TRURO CATHEDRAL

*" Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."*—Psalm 90.

The picture, right, shows a scene from Part III of *The Work of Our Hands* in Truro Cathedral : St. Michael stands (left) with uplifted sword, and John Tallack, the Cornishman, watches on the right. Phyllida Garth, author, producer, and part-composer (she is the wife of Kenneth Ellis, the singer), showed in her religious musical drama, staged by county amateurs, that God's bounty is a challenge to man's industry, skill, courage and wisdom. All the daily work of Cornwall was represented : the work in tin-mines, china-clay pits ; granite and slate quarries ; fishing fleets and farms ; housewives and artists. It was a complete picture of the Cornish world. Presented as it was with unforced sincerity in the Cathedral nave, Miss Garth's play spoke nobly for its Western land.

Mr. Kenwin Barton as John Tallack, the Cornishman who shares with the Cornish saints a vision of Cornish workers.

With huge masses of Cornish granite behind them, and the sweep of the Cornish sea in front, members of the cast of *Tristan of Cornwall* stand off-stage at the Minack Theatre, waiting to go on. Dinas of Lidan, Mark's seneschal, is seen in profile in the centre of the front row, with Frocin behind him, and Tristan's servant, Gorvenal, beyond.

Mr. James Haswell as Tristan.

Miss Leonor Miller as the Queen of Ireland.

Mr. Richard Collingwood Selby as King Mark's seneschal, Dinas of Lidan.

Miss Jean Martin (right) as Iseut the Fair, daughter of the Queen of Ireland, and Miss Mary Yeomans as Brangwayne, her cousin.

Mr. Malcolm Barlow as Gurmun, King of Ireland.

Mr. Laurence Natt as Mark, King of Cornwall.

# TRISTAN OF CORNWALL

No theatre in the country is like the Minack, away in the Cornish remoteness of Penwith, not very far from Land's End. From Penzance one takes the road to Porthcurno. There, directed to "the cliff," visitors come suddenly upon the sharp descent to the Minack stage. It is, roughly, a crescent-shaped lawn between granite masses, with the vast sweep of the open Atlantic as a back-drop. Those well placed can look across to the "logan-stone" headland of Treryn Dinas, and far away there is the line of the Lizard where the beam of the lighthouse stabs across the sky after dark.

The Minack, owned by Miss Dorothy Cade, was built in 1932 in a terraced garden for a performance of *The Tempest*. That was intended to be the only play; but such a surprising theatre as the Minack could not have died so soon. It was used every year until 1939 (Masefield's *Tristan and Isolt* was acted then); and, after ten years of war and war's aftermath, the Minack reopened two summers ago. This year Mrs. Nora Ratcliff wrote *Tristan of Cornwall* for the

*A Visit to Cornwall's*

Here, early in the first act of *Tristan of Cornwall*, the audience, seated above the crescent-shaped turf stage of the Minack, watches Tristan and Iseut (backs to the camera) as they stand before King Gurmun at the Irish Court. In the background are the ruffled Atlantic waters that serve as the Minack's great natural cyclorama; and, visible off-stage near the top of the picture, two members of the cast await their entry.

Cornish Festival of Drama: a wise choice, because the romance of Tristan is inseparable from the sea, and here at Porthcurno the Cornish sea is all-dominating.

In these days we go to any Tristan play with a certain doubt. Can anything new be said? But doubts fade: the Tristan story is always new, and no dramatist with a sense of the romantic and a feeling for the theatre can fail. Mrs. Ratcliff has these qualities. Her *Tristan* may not be for the Superior Person, the mocking cynic. It tells the old tale clearly and well—now and then resting too much on reported event instead of action, but, without being lush, remaining unafraid of the high-romantic speech.

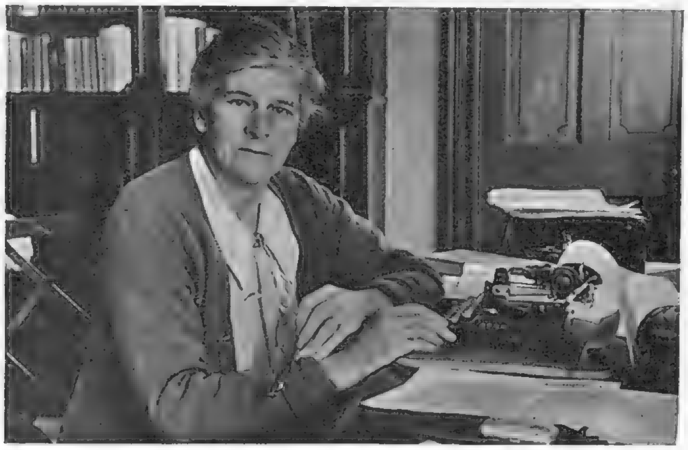
A company of West Cornish amateurs, under Mrs. Ratcliff's own direction, gave the quick, vigorous performance the piece needed. One player, Jean Martin, as Iseut the Fair, would have graced any amateur cast; but there were several performances of quality: Tristan (James Haswell), Mark of Cornwall (Laurence Natt), Iseut of the White Hands (Dorothy Meade). John Jenkin loyally attacked Frocin the dwarf. A chorus of "Irish, Cornish and Breton peasants" got about with more liveliness than we expect from this form of Chorus: Mrs. Ratcliff spared us too much concerted moaning.

Excellent; yet, at the last, one returns in memory less to the dramatist and her cast than to the theatre itself, with night falling, a cry of gulls in the air, an extraordinary sense of remoteness, and away, behind the Minack stage, far-heaving into space, the tumbled splendour of the Cornish sea:

*The dragon-green, the luminous . . .*
*The white-and-blue-flower-foaming sea.*

J. C. T.

Mr. John Jenkin had the difficult part of Frocin, King Mark's dwarf, who claims the gift of second sight, and who discovers the love of Tristan and Iseut.



Lady Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, the distinguished Cornish writer, is seen here at work on her story for *The Sketch*, which appears on page 204. She has published half-a-dozen books (*Our Cornwall* among them), and three others are in preparation.

# TRELOWARREN

Trelowarren, pictured above (the Chapel is on the right), is the Cornish home of the Vyvyans. Since the middle of the fifteenth century this ancient family, whose name rings through Cornish history, has been seated among these woodlands.

Among the fine family portraits in the house are some of an early date : Hannibal Vyvyan, for example, an Elizabethan ; and his son, Francis, who altered the interior of his mediæval mansion. Charles the First conferred a baronetcy on Sir Richard Vyvyan in 1644, and this Richard erected a pair of granite pillars, dated 1660, at the entrance to Trelowarren, and in 1662 built the two-sided bay to the house on the garden side.

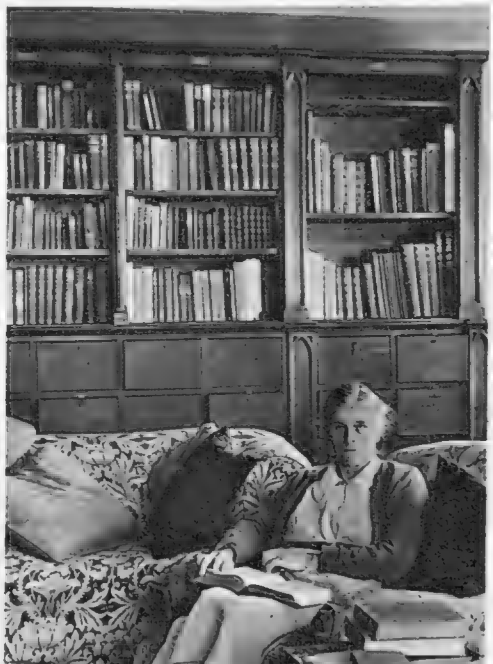
Colonel Sir Courtenay Vyvyan, the tenth baronet, who took an important part in Cornish local government, died in 1941. Lady Vyvyan, formerly Miss C. C. Rogers, lives in her own wing at Trelowarren : she has recently transferred the estate and its management—market-gardening is an important enterprise—to Mr. John Vyvyan, the heir. She herself is a leading Cornish writer, the author of *Cornish Silhouettes*, *Gwendra Cove* and several other books, and a contributor to periodicals such as the *West Country Magazine*. Her occupations are gardening, bird-watching, writing and travelling. With one companion, she travelled down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Circle, and up the Rat River with Indian guides (a route only once before traversed by a white woman).

A corner of the dining-room in the mansion of Trelowarren, which stands in the parish of Mawgan-in-Meneage, South Cornwall. On the walls are portraits of the Vyvyan ancestors since 1701 : Vyvyan is one of the most famous Cornish names.

A portrait of James, Duke of Hamilton, beheaded in 1649, hangs by the fine main staircase, built in 1825, at Trelowarren, the seat of the Vyvyans. It is deep in a beautiful estate near Helford River in one of the most tranquil regions of Cornwall.

Through the doors from the drawing-room at Trelowarren can be seen the Chapel, which was built in 1825. Miss Mary Coate, the historian, says of the house: "Trelowarren, set back in a wooded park from the road between Helston and St. Keverne, has retained externally, with its battlements and mullioned windows, something of its mediæval origin, and the tracery of the three windows of the Chapel nearest to the house suggest the late fifteenth century."

Around the sundial are John Vyvyan, Squire of Trelowarren, with his Canadian wife, Marie, and his children, five-year-old Patrick, and Lorraine, who is nine.



Lady Vyvyan in her study at Trelowarren. She is a notable gardener; her recent book on the subject lies on the stool before her.

The Squire in the orchard with Ernest Rowe, the head gardener of Trelowarren, who has been with the Vyvyans for forty years, since he was thirteen.

Drake's Drum in the Great Hall of Buckland Abbey, South Devon :

*Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,*
*Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low ;*
*If the Dons sight Devon, I 'll quit the port o' Heaven,*
*And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.*
—Newbolt.

# BUCKLAND ABBEY

## The Home of Drake

This summer Earl Mountbatten of Burma formally opened Buckland Abbey, ten miles from Plymouth, as a Drake, Naval and West Country Folk Museum. Sir Francis Drake is Plymouth's name of power. On this page we see his Drum, on show at Buckland, his former home—once a Cistercian Abbey—founded in 1278 in a sheltered, tree-bounded cup not very far from the west bank of the Tavy.

The Abbey, for which the Pilgrim and National Trusts have done much, is under the care of the City of Plymouth. On its outer walls we can still discern ghost-prints, traces of window and arch of the original church. Drake would have known the immense Tithe Barn, like an unadorned cathedral nave, built perhaps about 1290. His predecessor at Buckland Abbey was Sir Richard Grenville, of the *Revenge*, and another Grenville ("Skellum") used it as Royalist headquarters during the Civil War siege of Plymouth. But Buckland, now both noble house and uncommon museum, must always wear, like a cloak, the fame of Devon's Drake.

Buckland Abbey stands on a slope of malachite-green lawn. The mansion, towered and grey in limestone and granite, is a mosaic of centuries. High over it branches a cedar of Lebanon that must date from the years before the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

In the Folk Gallery at Buckland Abbey, now the Drake, Naval and West Country Folk Museum, are examples of Devon handicrafts. The show-case in the background of this picture contains some of the delicate and enchanting Honiton lace.

The remarkable old kitchen, with this vast fireplace, has been restored, and is used now as a restaurant for visitors, who come to Buckland Abbey, ten miles from Plymouth, in the deep country near Buckland Monachorum.

In Drake's drawing-room is the panelling placed there by Sir Francis himself during his years at Buckland Abbey. He came during the autumn of 1581 at the age of thirty-six, and he was living there in

At Grimsby, after the swim, Brenda met her mother.

" Bless you, sweetheart, you clever girl," said her father.

A civic reception and a crowd of 20,000 people greeted the return of Brenda Fisher to her home town, Grimsby. In foreground is her trainer, Mr. McNally; in background, Deputy Mayor Alderman Windley.

" Paddy " Johnston, friend of Brenda, and inside forward for Grimsby Town, gave her a brooch. His nose is plastered following a knock during the Grimsby *v.* Chesterfield match that afternoon.

# WELCOME HOME FOR A RECORD-BREAKING CHANNEL SWIMMER

BRENDA FISHER, first woman home in the *Daily Mail's* Cross-Channel Swimming race on August 16, set up a new world record for the women's crossing of the Dover Straits, with 12 hours 42 min. She is the daughter of Mr. Albert Henry Fisher, M.B.E., master of a Grimsby trawler. This blue-eyed, ash-blonde girl has developed an easy style in the water capable of taking her big distances without undue fatigue. And, indeed, when she finished the race under the cliffs of St. Margaret's Bay, she said she felt fit and ready to swim back. For her splendid performance Brenda received £1000 and a silver cup offered by Señora Eva Péron—wife of the Argentine Republic's President—to the first British woman across in the race. Brenda has also won many dancing championships.

# West End Favourites

**WHO GOES THERE!**
**(Duke of York's).**

The challenge is to Christina Deed. She has been a chambermaid in Dublin. She becomes a housemaid in a "Grace and Favour" residence at St. James's Palace. John Dighton, who explains just why Miss Deed changes her job, has set his comedy against a background of scarlet and bearskins and Tudor brick; and he has just the company to exploit his joke: a new young actress, Geraldine McEwan, as Christina, a snuggling, purring colleen; Nigel Patrick as a young diplomatist who goes, after all, to Baffin Bay; Frances Rowe as his highly intelligent sister; and Victor Adams as a stamping, saluting ramrod.

**THE HOLLOW**
**(Fortune).**

If you have a feeling for the anagram-play, I can recommend Agatha Christie's piece at the Fortune. It is quite unpretentious; but it ought to do what Mrs. Christie intended: keep you guessing until nearly the end. I will say simply that an unpleasant amorous doctor is murdered—no surprise here—and that everyone at "The Hollow" seems to have a perfectly good reason for disposing of him. You may believe you have an equally good reason for pinning the guilt. Jeanne de Casalis, Jessica Spencer, Joan Newell, Beryl Baxter, George Thorpe, indeed the entire cast, will do their best to make your choice awkward.

**THE LYRIC REVUE**
**(Lyric, Hammersmith).**

In this, the neatest intimate revue since Farjeon's day, I remember particularly Irlin Hall as she presents Manet's famous barmaid *aux Folies-Bergères* longing for her native Brittany; Joan Heal as she struggles to be arch in a refractory sedan-chair; Dora Bryan as a variety of glum moppets; George Benson as a trio of incompetent schoolmasters; Joan Heal and Graham Payn as "ornamental Orientals" of the willow-plate, who become "export rejects" because the designer has forgotten the bird. And so on and so on. William Chappell has produced with a flash, and a song, "Don't Make Fun of the Fair," is in Noël Coward's blither spirit.

**MAN AND SUPERMAN**
**(Princes).**

Here is the chase again, John Tanner running and Ann Whitefield pursuing; and, if the usual version is not long enough for us, then we can see the entire five hours one Wednesday night, with the brigands of the Sierra and Don Juan in Hell. John Clements has the charm, the arrogance, the glibness for Tanner; Kay Hammond is a seductive, hubble-bubble Ann; D. A. Clarke-Smith shoots the quills of that porcupine Roebuck Ramsden.

# AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

## THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN

*(Duchess)*

IT would be a real pleasure to be buried by Bert Hutchins. He is the leading undertaker in Shale City, Colorado, not a very prosperous community. Though no one can embalm you with more skill, or, if required, find a more agreeable casket, business is not what it should be. Bert has a kind heart; he does not press his creditors. Body-work is in so bad a way that he knows if he is to provide for his daughter, he must act at once. He does so; he finds an uncommonly valuable asset. Just outside the town a wealthy old rogue is gravely ill, and Bert prepares for a grand coup. He arranges for the finest bronze coffin west of Kansas City. When the light at the old man's window goes out, he rushes up to Mount Miracle, grabs the body, and manages to get the funeral order from the executors. No dance of death could be more triumphant. Mortician, Doctor and Editor (a local journalist who thinks in headlines) are toasting Bert's enterprise when there is a small but tricky complication, one of those things with which anyone who has had experience of body-snatching can only sympathise. The corpse comes to life. And when a corpse comes to life it is never very easy to explain that this gets in the way of embalming, and a second rapid death is the only possible course for a gentleman.

In the Shale City affair the corpse is no gentleman. Regretfully the doctor injects adrenalin; the old man sits up—and continues to sit up—though a singularly fanatical chemist, with a gift for impromptu prayer, who happens to be around the parlour, beseeches him to die again for the sake of all concerned. I need only say that, at the last, Bert's funeral parlour is more financially stable than it has been for years. Anyone who wants to die in Colorado can be assured that Mr. Hutchins is their best friend.

I speak as if he were a real person; and, indeed, it is hard to believe that Bert, as created by Hartley Power in Dalton Trumbo's play, is not real. Mr. Power acts him with the most endearing resource: we like the fellow, and we cannot understand why old John Troybalt, who was making a perfectly good body, should have become so obstructive. The comedy might have been thoroughly tasteless. It is written with so much gusto, and its people have so funereal a charm, that it offers a happy night in the theatre. Although Mr. Trumbo floors us when he gets sentimental, that does not happen too often. It is the body-work that delights us, the to-and-fro parlour game. This piece ought to run.

GRIFF AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE

## . . with J. C. TREWIN

### RIGHT SIDE UP
*(Arts)*

I WOULDN'T have said so. This play, though it is one of those short-listed in the Arts competition, appears to be standing on its head. That is the favourite posture of the young tree-boy of the piece, a sad fellow who happens to stray into a gangster-flat in Soho to the confusion and alarm of all concerned, except the local Girl. Once Boy has met Girl (and they do it at curtain-rise) we know that they will stay together; but it is going to be a comic household in later years. The dramatist, C. E. Webber, has not considered—and, after all, why should he?—what may happen after the piece is over. It is merely his job to keep things going on the stage.

It seems to me that you can treat the affair as you wish: as a gangster melodrama, as a parody of the gangster play, as a flourish of symbolism. Whichever you choose, the play is not right side up. It is defiantly unpersuasive. The innocent of nineteen who chooses to live in a tree, and who has to stand on his head to see the world clearly, is an odd specimen, a "screwball Tarzan" someone calls him. Geoffrey Hibbert acts him gallantly, and it is not his fault that we are still up a tree at the end. Harold Lang, Donald Pleasence and Gerald Harper appear to have been in Soho, studying their gangsters—I like Mr. Pleasence's thin-lipped sourness—and Myrtle Reed as the Girl for the Boy graces a flat that is a kind of thieves' kitchen-cum-shooting gallery.

★

### THE POLYGAMIST
*(New Lindsey)*

WE can at least congratulate the author, Paul Lincoln, on his diligence. This farce gives the impression that Mr. Lincoln was determined to write it; nothing would stop him. He sat down, squared his elbows, and got on with it, and although nothing very funny emerged, his pen thrust along untiringly: something would surely turn up. What does turn up, in performance, is an irrelevant interlude during which Leslie Yeo tries mournfully to get to sleep on a sofa. He is due for almost as uncomfortable a night as Gilbert's Lord Chancellor; but the author has to get on with the job; Mr. Yeo is interrupted in his writhings and blanket-plaitings; and we return, gloomily, to business.

What exactly is the business? Presumably Mr. Lincoln is showing what happens when a man who has preached polygamy is obliged to practise it. It is a frail support for an evening; take away Mr. Yeo's sofa and a genial performance (by Frank Henderson) of a psychiatrist-in-spite-of-himself, and the play collapses. Some of the acting is more strenuous than successful.

## Plans for the Future

Once more Jean Anouilh is an important name in a London theatre season. To-morrow (Thursday) *Ardèle*, with Isabel Jeans, George Relph, and Ronald Squire, opens at the Vaudeville; some of us will meet again the strange household first encountered at the Birmingham Repertory last autumn. Two more of Anouilh's plays arrive next week (in French) at the Edinburgh Festival; on September 3 the Bristol Old Vic reopens with *The Traveller Without Luggage*, translated by Lewis Galantière; and during the autumn Yvonne Arnaud and Joyce Redman will star in Tennent's presentation of Anouilh's new piece, *Colombe*. Peter Brook directs the play which Denis Cannan has translated: it opens in the West End during the early autumn.

#### HOME AND AWAY.

Before *Colombe* begins, Miss Redman—who has the title-part—will appear in another French play and another Brook production. On August 27, for one month, she takes over the cheerful castaway of *The Little Hut* from Joan Tetzel, who is going on holiday. The farce has just celebrated its first anniversary at the Lyric. André Roussin, who wrote *The Little Hut*, is also the author of *Nina*, which begins in New York before Christmas, with Gloria Swanson and David Niven. Tennents are staging it, with John C. Wilson.

#### MOUNTING UP.

This is a period for anniversaries. *To Dorothy, a Son*, now at the Garrick, has reached its 300th performance; the Crazy Gang will register its 900th at the Victoria Palace on September 1, and *Kiss Me, Kate* its 200th at the Coliseum on August 30; Agatha Christie's *The Hollow* puts up the hundred at the Fortune on September 3. When *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ends at the Open Air Theatre on Saturday (September 1) it will have lasted for 130 performances. Finally, the Anouilh-Fry *Ring Round the Moon*, at the Globe, finishes its run with the 682nd performance on September 22.

#### MIDNIGHT IN ST. JAMES'S.

I am told that Sir Laurence Olivier is to present midnight performances of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cæsar and Cleopatra* at the St. James's in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund and King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. The *Cæsar* will be given, after the usual evening show, on September 7 at 11.15, and the *Antony* on September 13 at the same time. Tickets—at prices between 3s. and 3 gns.—are obtainable from the box-office at the St. James's and from ticket agencies. All seats for the remainder of the season were sold some time ago.

Backed by a photographic enlargement of the original set of Frederick Ashton's *Façade*, Margaret Hill and David Paltenghi danced the famous tango during a nostalgic ballet programme : " Rambert Scrapbook."

The final scene of Christopher Fry's *The Boy With a Cart*. Aided by his neighbours, the Boy Cathman has been building a church. Things have gone wrong, but a miracle happens and all is well. Cathman (left) was played by Gabriel Woolf.

" Albert " (centre foreground) was the king-pin of the escape scheme evolved by prisoner-of-war officers in Germany. The dummy was reconstructed for the television play *Albert*. Surrounding it are Warren Stanhope, Gerald Metcalfe, Bill Travers, Michael Gough, Harold Ayer and Douglas Hurn.

# TELEVISION

## by CYRIL BUTCHER

EACH year, as the National Radio Show comes round, it is only human to dream that some startling new development will be sprung upon the televiewing public. We confess to dreaming with the best even though, having kept the ear fairly close to the ground, we know there is little likelihood of anything like that happening. In fact, our advance information about the 18th Show which opens to-day (August 29) has shown that the B.B.C. and the manufacturers are concentrating on the consolidation, improvement and enlargement of the television service on its present lines. Dreams apart, we heartily endorse this attitude. Better to perfect the existing system which has well withstood the test of time, to make television available to as much of the country as possible, than to monkey about with new, and untried, developments.

With the new transmitter at Holme Moss about to commence operations, something like 12,000,000 more people will be brought within the television circle. As it will be the world's most powerful transmitter, there is every likelihood of freak reception outside its nominal range. Alive to this, the manufacturers of aerials have concentrated on making them as sensitive as possible. They have also inaugurated a scheme of mobile testing units, available to the public on application through a reputable dealer, which will determine whether a particular site is likely to give satisfactory results.

The remote country householder without mains electricity supply has also now been taken care of. Val Radio, for instance, are exhibiting a set which will run off voltage from 50—250, provided from private generating sets, or even car batteries. The same firm also have a projection model, which, instead of the conventional screen, throws its pictures on the wall.

Any further description on our part of the various models available at the Radio Show is made superfluous by the provision of what will surely be a boon to prospective purchasers : a 250-ft. viewing room where every British make of television receiver can be seen working simultaneously. The choice of a set is very much a personal matter—and price is not the least consideration. Do you want a cheap set or an expensive one ? Do you prefer a large screen or small, black or white ? Do you fancy a table or console model ? You can decide for yourself at Earls Court. The Radio Show is open until September 8.

Meanwhile our own humble 9-in. set has been showing us the usual mixture of good and bad. We are glad that the final instalment of *The Passing Show* sent the series out in glorious style, and hope that the amiable characters, who formed the backbone of the loosely-knit story which linked these programmes, are not lost to us for ever. We would welcome their " further adventures," surrounded, of course, by song and dance. It may be unfair to single out any one of the fine performances, but it would be equally unfair to ignore Anthony Oliver's superb portrait of the Welsh socialist Dai Lewis, from hot-headed youth to gentle old age. Nor must we fail to appreciate the miracles which designer Stephen Bundy worked to produce the hundreds of settings used in this fast-flitting series (102 of them in one programme alone), or the unfailing support Eric Robinson and his orchestra gave to the artists in every type of musical number.

There were two other highlights in this period under review. Both were plays and both moved us profoundly. The first, in lyric vein and based upon an old Sussex legend, was an early play by Christopher Fry, *The Boy With a Cart*. Wrapped in some of Mr. Fry's simpler, but beautiful verse, the tale of the boy who wanders through the counties trundling his old mother (Mary Jerrold) unceremoniously in a cart, until a Sign tells him to stop at Steyning and build a church, is reverently told. The production by Stanley Haynes was beautifully in key with the play's mood and afforded us the first sight of Gabriel Woolf (as the Boy) who, if looks, voice and acting ability count for anything, is surely bound for stardom.

The other play, *Albert*, by Edward Sammis and Guy Morgan, starkly realistic, dealt with the psychological hell of confinement in a naval officers' prisoner-of-war camp in Germany and the inmates' eternal preoccupation with the idea of escape. It has its tragic and comedy moments and depends utterly on sincerity of treatment. This it had from Stephen Harrison, the producer, and from the large cast. There was never a false note : in fact, the occasion must be classed among the best things television has done.

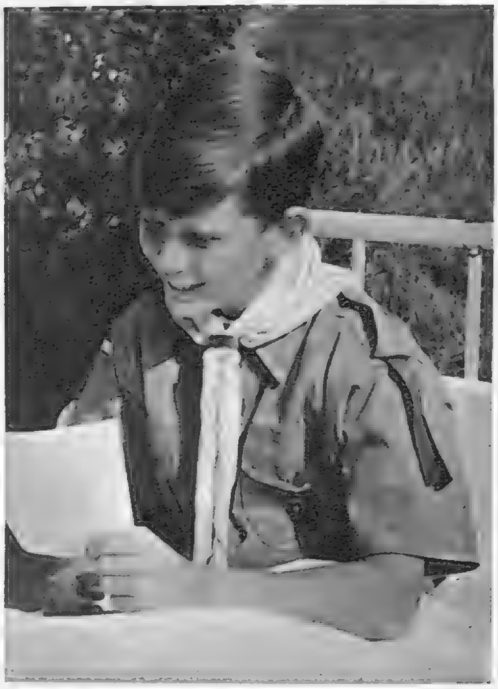
# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

THE CRAZY GANG : For being landlubbers found seaworthy, so to speak.

(*Above.*) Of the *Knights of Madness* (Victoria Palace) in the picture, l. to r., Nervo, Knox, Flanagan, Naughton and Gold, all but Bud Flanagan have had cargo-boats named after them. The *Naughton* is a 200-ton cargo motor vessel built by the Fairmile Construction Company ; owners, the London and Rochester Trading Company. She loads up with timber in London for Rochester, returns with cement. The full fleet of 80 craft includes a *Nervo* and a *Knox*, and a *Gold* is under construction. The company has serious thoughts, too, of building a *Bud Flanagan*.

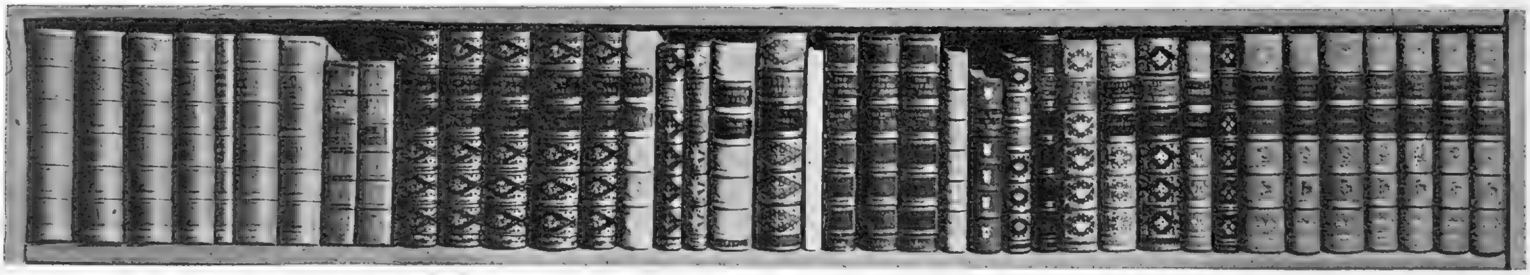
(*Right.*) A real example of courage in adversity is eleven-year-old Dennis Page, of Pinner. A car accident brought him near to death, for he sustained a fractured skull, an arm broken in three places, and a smashed leg. Yet in hospital he never complained, and recently, having studied hard for weeks, he won a scholarship in a local secondary school. When he gets home, he will wear upon his khaki shirt the prized Cornwell Badge awarded by the Scouts to those who show courage.

(*Below.*) The two J. C. Trewins, who come from adjoining villages in the south of Cornwall, are not related. John Charles Trewin, of Ruan Minor, is a J.P., a County Councillor, a Cornish representative at N.F.U. headquarters, and a leading Methodist. John Courtenay Trewin, formerly of The Lizard, and one month older than John Charles—each is forty-two—is *The Sketch* Dramatic Critic and an author. When he wrote his autobiographical *Up from The Lizard* (soon to be followed by *Down to the Lion*), many attributed it to John Charles. A Sunday school, having got the author wrong, even bought the book for its prize day. Meantime, John Courtenay was congratulated upon his expert knowledge of farming and his unexpected eloquence. Here, at last, they meet in a cheerful talk over the gate at John Charles's St. Ruan farm.



SCOUT DENNIS PAGE : For the fortitude and patience which have won him the Scouts' V.C.

JOHN C. TREWIN, Farmer (left), and JOHN C. TREWIN, Author and Critic (right) : For meeting at last—and in the far south of Cornwall, too—to disentangle themselves after years of mistaken identity during which each has gallantly shouldered the credit (or the blame) for the other's work.



# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE BLESSING. By Nancy Mitford. (*Hamish Hamilton ; 10s. 6d.*)

OSCAR SLATER, THE GREAT SUSPECT. By Peter Hunt. (*Carroll and Nicholson ; 12s. 6d.*)

LONG INNINGS. By Sir Pelham Warner. (*Harrap ; 15s.*)

THE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF DANIEL MENDOZA. (*Batsford ; 18s.*)

WHEN I venture to hint at certain limits to my admiration for Miss Nancy Mitford's work, outraged people ask me harshly whether I have read *The Pursuit of Love,* and when I say "No," they say "Ah!" triumphantly. I am concerned, not with any previous books by this writer, which have, I understand, been scintillating and graceful to a degree, but with *The Blessing*, which seems to me to be a rather tiresome piece of clockwork fiction. It belongs to the perennially popular what-the-butler-saw, life-above-stairs school, which would not matter if it brought something new to a time-honoured medium. But its characters and situations are familiar, even stale, so that one is continually feeling that one has been here before. A good, unimaginative English girl meets, during the war, and marries a caricature of a French nobleman called Charles-Edouard de Valhubert. He is tall, good-looking, rich, cynical, unfaithful, patronising and horribly gay, and he carts the honest Grace Allingham off to a film-set of a family home in Provence called Bellandargues, and later to Paris. She meets his formidable relatives and later one of his mistresses, and is only sustained through the vicissitudes of life with Charles-Edouard by the assistance of an English nanny, who talks and behaves like all the English nannies one has ever met in fiction compounded into a grumbling, practical old body who finds everything in France funny, or smelly, or draughty. The "blessing" of the book is Grace's small son Sigi, for whose naïvely embarrassing *mots* everyone else's conversation becomes the supporting prattle of the comedian's stooge. His favour is sought by the two women who hope to marry his father when the latter has left poor Grace and later by the two men who hope to marry Grace when she has left Charles-Edouard. It's all meant to be madly amusing and sardonic, but, fatally for a book of this kind, its humour fizzles out in facetiousness.

IN *Oscar Slater, the Great Suspect,* Mr. Peter Hunt has done something which was worth doing from more points of view than the literary: he has told, not only the story of the Slater case as it emerged in court, but the circumstances which led up to it and the repercussions which followed it down to the death of Slater himself three years ago. He reveals all the known circumstances of the murder which the unhappy man was supposed to have committed and discreetly speculates on where the guilt may possibly have lain. What is aroused most sharply by this is not only indignation that a man should have served eighteen years in prison for a murder of which he was innocent, but also wonder and alarm that anyone, least of all the members of a jury who had been given the facts, could have been made to believe that Slater was guilty. There was never, after the initial coincidence of the brooch had been realised as irrelevant, the smallest evidence to connect Slater with the case. He was a slightly shady individual, who more than once changed his name because he had left his wife and was living with another woman. He pawned a brooch, though not the stolen one, just after a brooch was missing from the murdered woman's house. He left for America immediately after the murder. These were the only facts which were adduced to support his extradition from the States, his conviction and sentence to death, except that witnesses who had been shown both photographs of Slater and the suspect himself before an identification parade, picked him out as resembling the man they had seen fleeing from the murdered woman's house. Yet, in a series of solemn speeches from prosecuting counsel, he was made to appear guilty and sentenced to death; a sentence commuted later to life imprisonment, while the contemporary Press ardently supported conviction. This record, factual, quite without hysteria or even recrimination, makes harrowing reading, but should, I think, be widely studied. No one can learn the facts without realising uncomfortably that what happened to Slater could have happened to almost anyone in Glasgow at that time.

WHEN a man, who has given most of his life to a particular sport or occupation, writes his autobiography, the test of it as a book is not, surely, whether it appeals to the people interested in that sport, but whether or not it is made interesting to those least concerned with it. Sir Pelham Warner's *Long Innings* is, of course, the life-story of a cricketer, and no one who follows or plays the game can very well fail to read it. What is surprising, though, is to find that, to a man who never watches or studies cricket, who has never seen a Test match or looked at scores in a newspaper, to such a freak as myself, for instance, it is still a most readable story. Sir Pelham Warner's disarming, easy way of telling it, his chuckling asides and his sparkling memory for pleasant events, good friends and luscious meals, as well as for historic occasions in cricketing history, warm and captivate the reader. Born in Trinidad in 1873, the author comes of a long-lived family, for his father, who had eighteen children, was born in 1805, and could remember Waterloo, while *his* father, in turn, was born in 1780. Sir Pelham tells of his early boyhood in the West Indies, his return to England, and failure to gain a scholarship to Winchester. "We should have tested you at the nets and not with a Latin prose!" said a Winchester master long afterwards. He went to Rugby and there his cricketing career began in earnest a career which has taken him up and down the world and made his name familiar to many generations. He chronicles it with true modesty so that one feels him shrinking from the necessary personal pronoun even when he comes to the great occasions and honours of recent years. A sunlit, youthful and, of course, splendidly English book.

LIKE *Long Innings, The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza* is the autobiography of a man pre-eminent in a certain sport who can only write in terms of it. Mendoza was a pugilist of the eighteenth century. "I was born on the fifth day of July, 1764, in the parish of Aldgate, London. My parents, who were of the Jewish persuasion, were by no means in affluent circumstances." His book, which first appeared in 1789, might at first be supposed to be the work of some hack writer of the time, a literary ghost who saw the ex-champion as a likely prospect. But reading this sincere and salty stuff convinces one immediately that the prize-fighter himself wrote at least his version of it. He was well educated for his era and circumstances and when only twenty-four had published his *Art of Boxing*. His memoirs are impregnated with the atmosphere of the time, the smoke from clay pipes, the dirt, the brandy, the crowd of scruffy spectators craning to see the barbarous display, the whole Hogarthian background against which his battles were fought. According to his own claims he was a retiring, peace-loving man on whom self-defence was forced, who was pursued by the necessity to fight again and again. His tongue seems to clack in his defence as quickly as did his fists and his book is nothing if not a garrulous piece of self-justification. It makes rich and heady reading for all that, and it is not only to followers of "The Fancy" that it can be recommended.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1951.
(*Encyclopædia Britannica ; 60s.*)
More successful as a comprehensive record than as a critical survey.

WREN: HIS WORK AND TIMES.
By John Lindsey (*Rich and Cowan ; 16s.*)
Mr. Lindsey writes neither a straight biography nor a treatise on architecture, but sets his man skilfully among his achievements.

THE SKY WAS ALWAYS BLUE.
By Admiral Sir William James, G.C.B. (*Methuen; 21s.*)
The author of *The Portsmouth Letters* and of a book about his grandfather, Sir John Millais, here turns to his own life-story.

IT'S ONLY THE SISTER.
By Angela du Maurier. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)
Intimate details and photographs of members of a gifted family.

SUMMER CLOUD.
By Dorothy Clewes. (*Harrap ; 10s. 6d.*)
A novel brimming with goodwill and belief in the kindness of what the publishers call "people who are pleasant and ordinary."

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Harold White.

**DONALD WOLFIT, C.B.E.,** seen here in his office with a statuette of himself as King Lear, returns to the Old Vic at the end of September to play Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine the Great. No contemporary actor has taken more of the exacting Shakespearean parts.

Wolfit, born at Newark-on-Trent in 1902, has acted since he was eighteen. Later he appeared with Fred Terry and Matheson Lang, and joined the Old Vic in September 1929: that season he was Claudius in the Gielgud *Hamlet.* He played Mowbray in *Richard of Bordeaux* for a year at the New Theatre. In 1936, he had the first of his extraordinarily successful two seasons at the Stratford-upon-Avon Memorial Theatre; when he left in 1937 he formed his own Shakespeare company. During the late summer and autumn of 1940 came the celebrated three months of "lunch-time Shakespeare" at the Strand during the worst of the "blitz." Afterwards, besides various tours abroad, he acted Shakespeare up and down the country for several years. This year he celebrated the tercentenary of *Twelfth Night* by playing Malvolio in Middle Temple Hall. Recently he has been the Colonial Governor in *His Excellency.* His charming wife, Rosalind Iden, his leading lady for several seasons, is a daughter of B. Iden Payne: she, too, will act at the Old Vic. Their home is in Hampstead.

● A CORNISH STORY

# UNCLE SI'S TEA-POT

*By Lady Vyvyan*

UNCLE SI had never been quite like the rest of us. Some might think that this unlikeness was one up to him, but the majority would treat him as if he were a daw among the doves, that majority being born and bred with the conviction that those who move otherwise than in our self-appointed squares and circles are mutts or outsiders.

A few survivals turn with relief from man-made replicas to nature's infinite variety in leaf, petal, feather, pebble and snowflake; Miss Sapphira Blewett, known to her intimates as "Sapphie," owner of the small newspaper shop and chief purveyor of Menhenitt news, was probably among these survivals, for, whenever she spoke of Uncle Si, there was a tone of toleration, almost pleading, in her voice, as if she were talking of a favourite, but not always well-behaved, child.

Some said that there was an unnatural, or possibly "natural," relationship between herself and Uncle Si, who was twenty years her junior; others would murmur "Tut, tut," whenever this subject was mooted. At any rate, she knew "all about him," as, indeed, she knew "all about" everything that had happened, or was about to happen, or might have happened, in Menhenitt. Her information was occasionally previous, sometimes ill-founded, but always circumstantial, always delivered in a shrill voice like that of a penny whistle as she stood, hands on counter, a little four-foot-six person with a tight, black bodice, black chenille hair-net, apple-red withered cheeks and eyes that flicked here and there with a rapidity that was almost audible. She would snap out her phrases with the suddenness and precision of a zip fastener. We, who did our shopping in Menhenitt, always went to Sapphie's little shop to pick up our *West Briton*, also to hear the music of her Cornish speech.

We had always known Uncle Si by sight, just as we knew the market-place, the gutters of running water wherein the fish-wives freshened up their wares, pilchards and scads and suchlike, and the old clock that always struck five minutes after the hour. Yet, for many years, we had never connected that staid little old woman behind her counter with the itinerant vendor of radishes and clothes-pegs who would come cloppety-clop round some corner, uttering his signature-tune: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" He used no instrument: just drew in his lips and emitted that sound which was, as folks often said, "like-as-if the very bird hisself was settin' 'pon the helling-stones a-laffin' at you till 'twud a deceived oal Nick ef a was by." But somehow we had taken him for granted and never sought for information about the whence and wherefore of his life; until one day, as I was collecting my *West Briton* in Sapphie's little shop, I heard that familiar "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" He was passing across the street with a cloppety-clop.

We two were alone on either side of the counter, and I said, in a tone of idle curiosity: "What is the history of Cuckoo and his strange walk?"

She gave me one piercing glance—a sizing-up glance, to see if her listener were worthy of what she was about to give.

"Poor li'l Uncle," she said, "always a whisht li'l shammick. Doctor told his mother she wudden never rear him. Troll-footed from a cheeld. But wudden hurt a fly, poor tender worm, and ef it wadden for his Auntie Mod, he'd have been as right as you or me to-day."

"How do you mean?" I said. "Right? Was Auntie Mod to blame for his club-foot?"

"Elbow-lifting," she said darkly, with appropriate gesture.

"But Auntie Mod?" I persisted.

She settled down to it. It appeared that Auntie Mod, *alias* Mrs. Hannibal Penalurick, who lived and died "up-shop" in Chysauster Churchtown, had left him her "brae li'l bit o' money in the Savings," and there really had been no need, ever since that legacy, for Uncle Si to sell the "passel o' oal traade" that filled his little basket. It was after he inherited this competence, "poor lamb," that he took to visiting the Plume of Feathers for poor-tipple.

"But Lor-a-mussy-me," she continued, "ef he did have a drop too much now and again, Menhenitt people dedden tak' no notice. But that theare lady up Morwenna Street, what comes from outlandish parts, she wur in a pretty poar one day when she come out all dressed up in feathers and umbrella and found him a-twistin' of hisself round the lamp-post. She've got a passel o' foreign notions and she cudden unnerstan' how Uncle Si allus belonged to take his little drop. Howsomedever, she axed him in to drink a dish o' tay one aafternoon an' when they was served an' settin' down all comfortable, she sez to un, speakin' all foreign-like an lookin' so solemn as a hearse, she sez: 'Mr. Tripconey now, don't you agree with me that tea is much more tasty to drink than beer? Mr. Tripconey,' she sez, 'I should like for to give you a new silver tea-pot if you would promise me to drink tea instead of beer every day for a month.'

"Poor li'l oal Uncle! Nawbody caan't rightly tell what he sez to her, but we do knaw that for fower weeks an' a day, it bein' Leap Year and the month of February, he never stepped inside the Plume of Feathers, though it must have come somewhat tidden to him. He gov her the day extra, bein' as how he dedden rightly knaw ef they kep Leap Year in furrin parts. An' aafter that, the furrin lady gov him the tay-pot, an 'andsome piece it wor too, smart as fire! But that edden the end o' Uncle's beer. The very next day he was standin' outside the Plume, passin' the time o' day weth Josey Chilcott—you mind Josey Chilcott what do go around with a little ass-cart beggin' rags an' bones. An' Uncle was took weth somethin' like the toothache in his inside. Ragin'. An' a coorse he was fossed to go inside and take a drop o' summat. An' aafter that, he wur in the Plume every day, and twadden many nights you cud see him sober. An' theare 'twas. Beoys will be beoys, as the Scripshure tells us, an' you caan't change the spots o' they oal leopards nohow. But ef you axed Uncle Si hisself how he was allus bidin' 'way from home now, an' settin' in the Plume, he'd tell you his awn story."

A sound came in through the open door of the shop: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" A face looked in. Then a shuffling figure was standing beside me and Sapphie began to fumble underneath the counter. Uncle Si's face was flat, vacant and puffy, his eyes were small, he wore a snuff-coloured overcoat down to his heels and a shapeless felt hat. His little basket hung from a strap across one shoulder and the radishes looked very tired.

Sapphie, leaning across the counter, pressed a small packet into his hand. "There y'are, me dear," she said, "run along now."

Out he went, stopping at the door to turn his head towards us and give another "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" that went echoing round the tiny shop.

"What *was* his own story?" I asked, when his cloppety footsteps had died away down Landewednack Street.

"Poor soul," she replied, "allus comes in Toosday mornin' for a li'l pinch o' baccy." She spoke apologetically, as if her largesse were a shady act. "His awn story?" she echoed. "I'll tell ee.

"'"Twas in the night,' sez Uncle Si, 'an' in me dreams toothache began to settle in me legs, somethin' chronic, an' I heerd the Heavenly Father's voice a-tellin' me: "Take a drop o' summat, Si, take a drop." Then I waaked up, an' theare wadden no toothache, but I rawse up an' I foun' a drop o' summat all come-be-chance in the kitchen, like as ef Providence set it theare, an' then I slept like a cheeld. An' now I takes a drop or two every mornin' just to keep the rheumatics away.'"

"And what about the foreign lady?" I asked.

"Uncle Si never forgot she. Nor her tay-pot. Many a time when he'm a bit mazed-like weth a drop too much he will putt a li'l bunch o' radishes outside her door an' sing out 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' an' be cloppin' away down the street avore ever she be come forth to the draxel. But that theare tay-pot, 'tes the pride o' his eyes, shinin' 'pon his dresser like a pickshur. But et aan't never had no watter inside nor yet no tay-leaves. An' like as not, et never will."

# Personalities

JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH has been assistant conductor to Sir Malcolm Sargent on many occasions. Now, at thirty-five, owing to Sir Malcolm's illness, he gets his first chance to conduct a complete Promenade concert, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. His first appearance at the Albert Hall was as associate conductor of the R.A.F. Symphony Orchestra during the war. Last year he was conductor of the Sadler's Wells ballet at Covent Garden.

THE HON. MRS. DUDLEY RYDER with her son, Dudley Adrian Conroy, who is the great-grandson and heir of the Earl of Harrowby. She was Miss Jeanette Johnson Saint before her marriage two years ago to the son of Viscount Sandon, a director of Coutts and Co., and a Borough Councillor of Kensington.

MR. BASIL SPENCE has won the competition and a £2000 prize for the design of a new cathedral at Coventry, as well as the prestige of being chosen No. 1 architect out of 219 who submitted entries. He planned the cathedral, he said, as a relaxation from work on the South Bank Exhibition—he is responsible for the "Sea and Ships" section there.

VISCOUNTESS OBERT DE THIEUSIES, wife of the Belgian Ambassador to Britain, is at present on holiday in the south of France. Her husband was appointed Ambassador in 1945 after being Head of the Belgian Economic Mission in London. They have three sons. Two are at a Brussels university, the youngest is a pupil at a school in Belgium.

LIEUT.-GENERAL FRANK HORTON BERRYMAN is in charge of the arrangements for the Royal tour of Australia next year. The original programme will have minor changes to cut out long air and rail trips for the Royal Family. General Berryman and his wife came to London last November. They have a daughter, and a son at school in Australia.

# ★ AT THE CINEMA ★

## with C. A. LEJEUNE

NO film in which Alec Guinness appears can be found wholly lacking in point and style, but I must admit that I came away dissatisfied from *The Man in the White Suit*, which Ealing Studios, who produced it, honestly regard as one of their best jobs yet.

The film is about a research worker in a textile factory, who discovers how to make a new kind of cloth that will never get dirty and will wear for ever. He is a modest little man, but he really does expect the world to be grateful for his invention. He has a nice white suit made for himself out of the cloth, and he walks abroad in it; not ostentatiously, you 'll understand, but simply proud and happy.

Unfortunately, the world doesn't share his point of view. The world is simply furious. The capitalists complain that the new discovery will disturb the delicate balance of the market. The factory hands strike because they see eventual unemployment. Nobody, it seems, wants a fabric that will never get dirty and will wear for ever.

Now here is the basis of a sound serious play or a biting social satire. Either could spring from it, and Mr. Guinness is too good an actor in each department ever to be caught tripping. But when it comes to the climax, the moment for balancing case against case, and argument against argument, the producers seem to lose heart. They shirk the issue. They get out of it the easiest way by making the fabric prove to be unstable. The chase begins. Mr. Guinness's nice white suit is torn from him by a triumphant mob, leaving him no knight in shining armour, but an absurd little man, shivering and defenceless in his underwear. There are hearty gales of laughter on the screen, and there will certainly be corresponding gales of laughter from the audience wherever the film is exhibited.

But every here and there in the audience a spectator won't feel like laughing; finding this humiliation of an already humble man more painful than comic, and this weak, slapstick end unworthy of something that started out to be a stimulating picture. There are plenty of good touches in *The Man in the White Suit*—the bubbling theme-song of chemical retorts, for instance, which announces the presence of Mr. Guinness wherever he goes, is altogether delightful—but nothing the producers may do to entertain us can wipe the memory of that wrong climax away.

People who have been waiting for years to see a new Marx Brothers picture are likely to come away from *Love Happy* sadly disappointed. This isn't the old sharp Marx comedy that was wont to draw the soup-and-fish of Mayfair, as well as the sweaters and slacks of Hampstead. There are funny things in the picture—one sequence in which Harpo produces a barber's pole, three artificial legs, a sleigh, a mongrel terrier, and a score of other outrageous oddments from the vast depths of his poachers' pockets, is as funny as they come—but there are too many long stretches in which the piece is positively dreary.

There is more plot than usual in *Love Happy*, and it 's my belief that the plot gets in the way of the laughter. One can't really become absorbed in the recovery of the missing Romanoff diamonds from behind the scenes of a Broadway theatre, while waiting for a Marx Brother to do something crazy. The Brothers are kept apart too much; there is not enough of Groucho, who acts as compère, and is kept off the screen for the greater part of the picture: and the brow-beating of Harpo comes perilously near to brutality. There are moments in this alleged comedy when a laugh falls flat because the audience is embarrassed; something I never remember happening in a Marx Brothers film before.

*The Frogmen* is chiefly memorable for its underwater photography, and so long as it sticks to that, it 's fine. It re-enacts some of the feats of the U.S. Navy underwater demolition teams in the Pacific during the war. It shows the boys, in their masks and flippers, not only plotting out mines and coral reefs in enemy waters, but blowing up beach defences and a Japanese submarine pen. It shows them rolling into the water from a rubber float, and rolling out again like sleek, tired seals: it shows an undersea fight with Japanese divers that is far more effective than that celebrated fight between Ray Milland and an octopus.

Unhappily, sub-aqueous activities, however interesting, can't be expected to make up a full-length Hollywood feature picture. The actors have to surface sometimes, and what happens when they surface is the trouble with *The Frogmen*. Nobody appears to have thought of anything better to do between dives than to repeat the old story of the misunderstood commander and the men who won't take discipline.

Richard Widmark appears as a young Lieutenant-Commander who has taken over a U.D.T. team from a popular officer who has recently been killed in action. It takes him the whole stretch of the picture to prove that he is "rugged" enough for a group led by Chief Petty Officer Dana Andrews, and that if he uses phrases such as "create a diversion" when he really means "kick up a rumpus," it isn't because he is necessarily a softie. The point is made, of course, eventually, but a tired audience may feel that everyone in the film is a lot too slow in the uptake. A more satisfactory point in the film is made very speedily: that Mr. Widmark, who started in Hollywood as something of a sinister boy-wonder, is proving a better and more versatile actor with every part he tries.

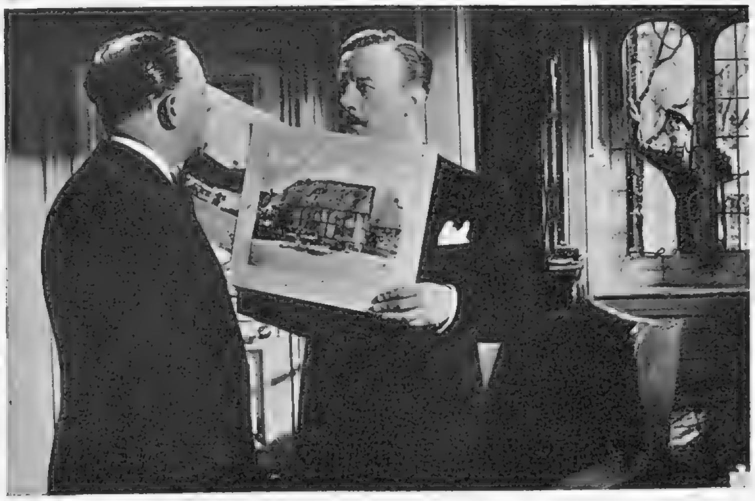
Thinking about it afterwards, I realise that *Francis Goes to the Races* is really a very trivial little affair, scrappily-made and rather silly. But it gave me a good deal of quiet pleasure at the time, and more than once I was compelled to laugh right out loud, a thing I don't do readily.

If you saw the first film in this series, you 'll know that Francis is a talking mule, who strikes up a friendship with an American soldier in Burma. In the present piece, Francis, still accompanied by his young friend Peter (Donald O'Connor), gets into a training stable in California, and by conversation with the horses, several of whom are distantly related to him, manages to supply Mr. O'Connor with infallible tips on most of the races. This extraordinary mule goes ever further; by psycho-analysis he learns which fillies are "emotionally frustrated," which are suffering from stage-fright or inferiority complex, and what to do with a champion colt who is too considerate to run faster than his kid sister.

The whole thing adds up to amusing nonsense, and is refreshingly good-humoured, with pleasant performances from young Mr. O'Connor and that fetching little new girl called Piper Laurie. Best moment in the picture: Francis's refusal to risk any tip on the third race, on the grounds that "those scatter-brained two-year-olds don't know themselves which of them 's going to win."

The film that goes with it, *The Golden Horde*, is hardly worth thinking about, either at the time, or afterwards. It 's a gaudily-coloured Hollywood absurdity, about an attempt made by Genghis Khan to snatch the city of Samarkand away from its very dressy ruler, the Princess Shalimar.

The Khan doesn't attack the city in person, in the first instance. He sends along two of his C.O.s named, as far as I could make out, Tugluck and Juggy. Tugluck and Juggy don't like each other a bit, and the Princess Shalimar, with tremendous female wile, manages to play off one against the other until a band of English Crusaders comes to her aid, led by a very sporty, teeth-clenching character dubbed Sir Guy of Devon. Sir Guy makes such a thorough job of training the local troops, being constantly "out in the drill-grounds, instructing the group-captains in hand-to-hand fighting," that by the time Genghis Khan arrives on the scene with his Golden Horde, practically all the invaders have been slaughtered. You might expect this setback to stimulate the Khan to further efforts, but no! the man is superstitious, it seems, and when he reads the inscription (in English) above the gateway, "He Who Comes To Destroy Samarkand Shall Himself Be Destroyed," he simply gives up and whistles his Golden Horde back home again.



PREVIEW: Once again three short stories by W. Somerset Maugham have been filmed and will be shown at the end of October. *Encore* follows the Maugham successes, *Quartet* and *Trio*, and like them, is produced by Britain's prominent young Antony Darnborough. Here are scenes from one of the stories—"The Ant and the Grasshopper." It tells how an irresponsible playboy (Nigel Patrick) continually shocks his thrifty and conscientious brother, George (Roland Culver). Outside his club he impersonates a porter with a prospective customer (Charles Victor); again, at his office window, he makes a sudden untimely appearance as a window-cleaner, while his brother vainly tries to block the view with large landscapes.

# Engagements

Lieut. Michael Thomas, R.N., on his way to service in Korean waters in H.M.S. *Jamaica*, stopped at Singapore, attended a party with other officers, and there met Miss Ann Kirby Green, to whom he has just become engaged. His fiancée is twenty-two and lives in Putney with her parents. Her father, Lieut.-Colonel P. K. Green, was formerly stationed in Malaya. Lieut. Thomas is the only son of Sir Miles Thomas, head of B.O.A.C., and Lady Thomas, who live in Wentworth, Surrey. He is twenty-four, and secretary to the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the submarine *Affray*.

Lord Sandhurst's younger son, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, and his fiancée, Miss Helene Duffus, only daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Duffus, and of Mrs. Duffus, of The Mansion House, Claverhouse, Angus, celebrated their engagement at a midnight party recently with a bottle of vintage wine—Château Auzone 1928. He is a wine-taster, director of two companies, Treasurer of the "500" Ball, and plays cricket for the wine trade team. He served for three years in the Fleet Air Arm during the war. His fiancée was in the W.R.N.S., plays golf and tennis. They plan to honeymoon in the Bordeaux wine-growing districts.

Lady Barbara North, elder daughter of the late Lord North and sister of the Earl of Guildford, has announced her engagement to Major Clive Bossom, elder son of Mr. Alfred Bossom, Tory M.P. for Maidstone. They met at a dance given by The Buffs a year ago. He served as a Regular officer in the regiment from 1939 until 1948. Now he is an underwriter at Lloyds and hopes to win the Tory seat for Faversham in the next election. Lady Barbara, who is twenty-two, recently gave up her secretarial job with B.O.A.C. They plan a country wedding in Kent shortly.

Miss Paola Paterson, a student of ballet from the age of five, will marry at the Assumption Chapel, Kensington Square, on September 22, Mr. Anthony Ledward-Wallers. She is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Paterson, of 8, Abbotsbury Road, W.14. Her fiancé, a broker with Lloyds, is the elder son of Mrs. Cicely Wallers, of Hook Heath, Woking.

Miss Grainne Bourke, daughter of Dublin theatrical costumier Mr. Lorcan Bourke, is to marry Mr. Eamonn Andrews, the writer, dramatist and B.B.C. commentator with an Irish brogue. They met two years ago when Mr. Andrews was putting on a show in Dublin.

Miss Joan McFadyean, youngest daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean, of 21, Cavendish Close, N.W.8, is engaged to Lieut. David Williamson, R.N., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Williamson, 10, Beaumont Court, W.1. Her father is a prominent Liberal.

# FROM THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

By Ann Murray

The Collections shown by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers suggest no sensational " new look " to the clothes we will be wearing this winter.

*Basically, the Day Silhouette stays slim-as-a-reed.* London suits—lovely to look at—are in exciting fabrics and interesting colour. Skirts that are not absolutely narrow have straight fronts with backward movement. Mattli introduces "a line of rounded hemlines, split side-seams, and slim effects." Jackets, without exception, have tiny waistlines which, in most collections, give a triangular shape to the back ; shoulder lines are softer. Important pocket treatments and skilful cuts achieve " rounded " effect hiplines. In short, curves come back to fashion, and here are tailored clothes that are really tailored, that carry an elegant air, and a feminine look.

Buttons again are a favourite trimming, or used to fashion-point important detail ; braid embroidery is used extensively to emphasise a line, or just as decoration ; velvet not only appears constantly as a contrast on daytime clothes, but is much used for complete ensembles and in full splendour for evening. Digby Morton puts fur collars on some of his suits. Belts are featured rather more than of late.

*Fabrics and Colours*—favourite autumn colours range from nigger to snuff, reds, cool purples, tiny checks in varied colours and, of course, much black. Fabrics include beautiful woollens of the smooth worsted type, Cumberland and Scotch tweeds. Worth introduces a new rainproof velvet, supple as silk, in a very becoming creamy mushroom suit, and also a new silk tweed. Peter Russell's new doe-skin material made its début in many attractive afternoon dresses and matching jackets.

*Topcoats* are either vast and luxurious in heavy pile fabrics and tweeds ; casual hanging with contrast linings of fur, plaid or velvet, or the fitted line with moulded bodice and *very* full skirt.

Mattli's donkey-brown, ribbed woollen suit. The nipped waist emphasises the curved pocket interest.

Digby Morton's gunmetal diagonal woollen suit. The cross-over front sweeps up to softly-rolling phantom beaver collar ; buttoned and belted in gunmetal. Fur beret by Rudolph.

The jersey dress in neat tweed design of brown and oatmeal, slim and stark in line, is worn under a seven-eighths length coat in heavy brown brush wool. The coat is lined with the same jersey. Digby Morton.

The full, casual hanging type. Grey woollen coat, luxuriously lined throughout with natural squirrel flank. The fur continues in line to form collar and cuffs. Worn over a grey and white tweed dress. Mattli.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

# SOME POST-WAR PROBLEMS OF CAR MAINTENANCE

### *By William Hartley*

CAR-OWNERSHIP in the post-war years has become fraught with difficulties, and problems of an entirely new and different character have arisen which were simply unheard of in the 'thirties. Costs involved too, are high.

The crux of the matter is the question of periodic overhaul and repairs—an entirely new problem, because the pre-war ease with which old cars were exchanged for new made such consideration unnecessary. Many people simple ran a new car for a limited period of something less than two years and it was then out of their hands long before the time arrived for major mechanical repair or renovation of bodywork. Other than smaller items of regular servicing, repair bills were unknown. But now, it is necessary to retain a car for a far longer period than a mere two years and the complex question of overhaul and renewal becomes a matter of great personal concern.

Discussion with the service managers of manufacturers and the larger distributors has shown that owners find it difficult to deal with this question. There is, it seems, a tendency to delay repair work too long and—if it ever does get put in hand—for it to be restricted to the very minimum necessary to keep the car in fair working order. This policy is one which, in the end, can only bring about additional expenditure. Labour charges constitute a very considerable proportion of repair costs and if, with a view to economy, some parts are not replaced because they seem good for a little further use, it will only entail duplication of labour when they, in turn, have to be scrapped. In short, repairs are very frequently not taken far enough, and it is worth recalling that owning a car is not unlike owning a house—the essential upkeep should never be neglected.

This may well be a relic of the days when cars were easily and comparatively frequently changed; when it was not worth spending much money as the car would be sold in the near future. The exchange schemes operated by manufacturers covering complete engines, rear axles, etc., are highly to be commended, but closely allied is this question of the need for far greater care with routine service and adjustment. With extra care given to service routine, the vast majority of modern cars will cover an equivalent extra mileage before overhaul is necessary.

Coachwork follows the same rule. The visible part of a car is so often given more attention than the inner workings. But I have seen much evidence of too long a delay in repainting which has simply resulted, in the end, in the need for a far greater job. It is useless, for example, to spray over existing paint if there is the slightest minute trace of rust. The rust works under the new paint and before long a complete strip-off becomes necessary, with possible renewal of panels. All this means that owners are faced with the necessity of understanding the more technical aspects of mechanism and coachwork.

Few will readily agree to repair estimates running into some hundreds of pounds without trying to follow exactly the need for them and the wisdom of having them done. The motoring organisations make available the services of highly-skilled consulting engineers and their experience is of great value when considering such estimates. This can truly be likened to the practice of having a house surveyed before purchase. In much the same way, the manufacturers themselves run efficient service departments, who gladly undertake to help owners over such matters, giving advice and recommending appropriate action.

Petrol expenditure forms a considerable item. The poor quality of the present-day "Pool" prevents good performance with good consumption. The petrol firms would be the first to rejoice in being able to deliver high-grade spirit, but under present arrangements it is not possible. How soon they will be free to sell the higher quality product I cannot even guess, but until then we can only achieve reasonable consumption by style of driving and immaculate engine-tuning by skilled hands.

The Road Fund is a subject almost painful to car-owners. But the poor state of so many miles of our busy roads is a matter of some concern. Arrears in repairs exist and in the unhappy event of another war, it is doubtful if they would stand a further long period of almost complete neglect. This is allied to the much-ventilated problem of traffic and parking. New problems for owners in London and other busy centres have arisen and there is a great deal to be said in favour of leaving one's car at the outskirts of such places and continuing by public transport or taxi.

Car-ownership has become such a costly problem that there is little wonder that many have made the break with actual ownership, relying upon self-drive hire when a car is really needed. But until we return to a more balanced appreciation by authority of the fact that car ownership is more than a mere luxury or whim, the problems have to be faced and overcome.

The greatest part of the difficulties can, to a large extent, be kept down, if not overcome entirely, by treating the car with the full respect its value and importance deserve. Proper lubrication and frequent supply of new oil are its life-blood. Expert and experienced minds brought to bear upon overhaul and repair matters become essential. Appreciation of old tags such as "New Wine in Old Bottles" and "A Stitch in Time," as applied to cars, will assist greatly in clearing some of the major worries.

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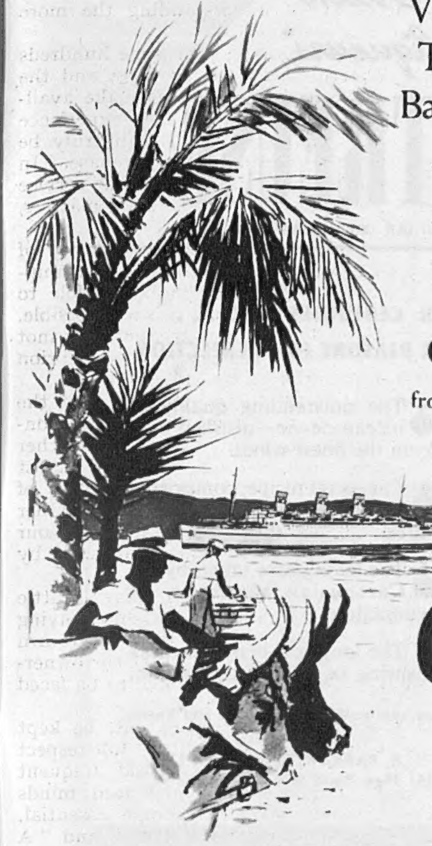

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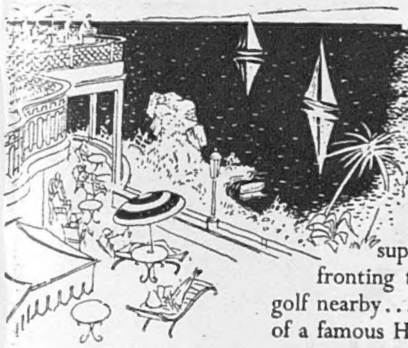

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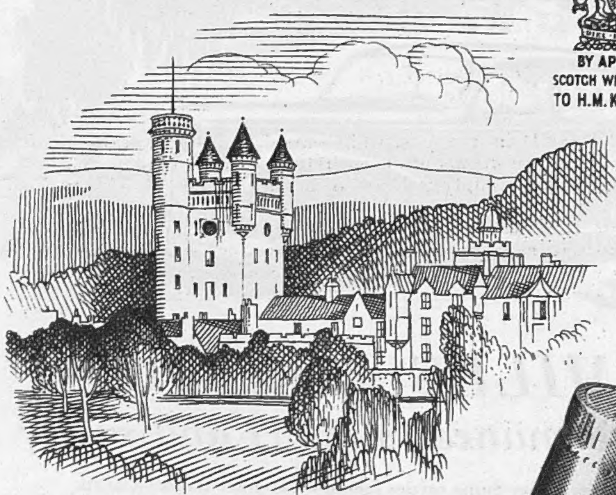

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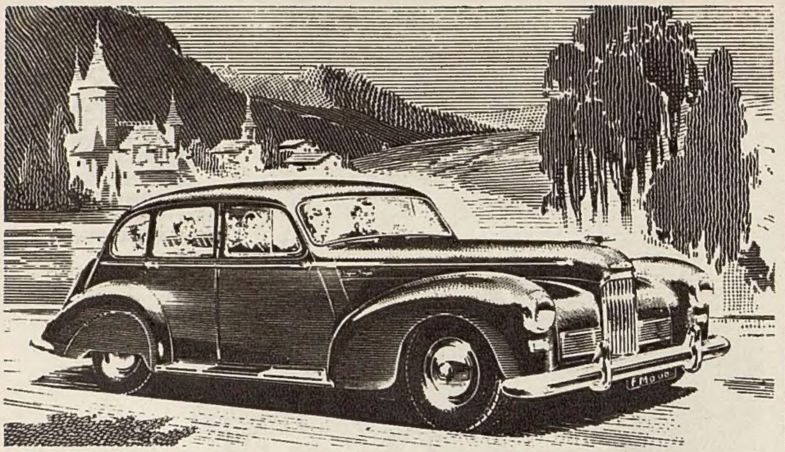

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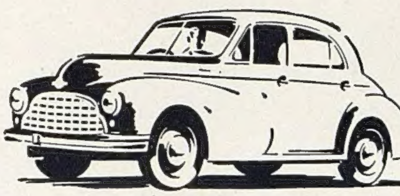

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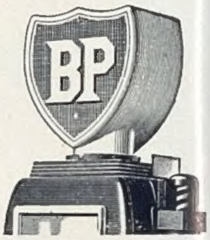


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